

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

VOL. XXIX.

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1915.

NO. 15.

SHERIFF IS INCLUDED IN SUIT

Was Ignored at First but was Later Considered and Placed on List

PRAECIPE WAS AMENDED

Lake county's well known sheriff E. J. Griffin isn't going to lose any free advertising by being left out of the Durand suit after all. When the praecipe of the suit was filed the sheriff was ignored, but last week a motion to amend the praecipe of the suit for \$100,000 against Gov. Dunne and others was filed by attorney Clarence W. Diver, the reason for the move being the inclusion of the names of these men as co-defendants with the others already mentioned.

E. J. Griffin, Sheriff of Lake county, A. D. Melvin, Bureau of animal industry, Carl Vrooman, assistant secretary of agriculture.

J. S. Jennison, bureau of animal industry.

These and the other men who were named in the praecipe filed several weeks ago are to be charged with conspiracy in the nation-wide case in which Mrs. Durand's famous herd was slaughtered to prevent spread of the hoof and mouth disease.

District Attorney Charles F. Cline was directed by the department of justice recently to intervene in behalf of the government in the suit for \$100,000 by Mrs. Grace G. Durand and Scott Durand her husband, against Governor Dunne, A. M. Casper, federal veterinary inspectors and others for ordering and executing the slaughter of the 1000 herd of prize cattle at Crabtree.

The government's interest in the defense of Inspector Casper, who is an official of the department of agriculture bureau of animal industry. It is contended by the government that Mrs. Scott Durand conducted herself in a defiant manner and against public safety by attempting to prevent the killing of her foot and mouth infected herd.

Richmond Gazette Changes Hands

A deal was closed last week whereby The Gazette was sold by R. G. Scott to Mrs. Margaret Brill, who has purchased the paper for her son, John. The new owner will take possession Jan. 1. Mr. Brill has had considerable experience in newspaper work having worked in the Gazette office, for the Free Press at Burlington and for more than a year past in the office of the Hampshire Register. John's many Richmond friends will be pleased to learn of the step he has taken and wish him every success in his business venture.

Latest War News

The "Dutchies" lost to the "Macks" Monday night by 92 pins being injured, no lives lost. War has been declared on the "Dutchies." Men are wanted to go the front. A battle is expected at any hour with Felter's Greys. Company one.

Another battle fought last evening and the "Mack" forces captured 143 plumes from the Johnnies. Johnnie's are on the market for more war supplies. Maybe they could use a maximum silence.

To Clean Porcelain

For cleaning white porcelain sinks and bathtubs use a solution of (1) pint of turpentine thoroughly mixed with one-half cupful of salt. You will find this does not injure the smooth surface in the least.

Daily Thought

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, such as smiles and kindness and small obligations given habitually are what win the heart and secure comfort.—Sir Humphry Davy.

Life's Unhappiness

I believe half the unhappiness in life comes from people being afraid to go straight at things.—W. J. Locke in "Simon the Jester."

Best Form of Belling

The belling used on machinery in the Russian oil fields is made of camels' hair, resisting grease better than rubber, leather or cotton.

ROYAL NEIGHBORS ARE ENTERTAINED AT LAKE VILLA

About forty-five members of Olson camp R. N. A., together with a good sized delegation from Waukegan, Libertyville, Grayslake and Gurnee were most royally entertained at Lake Villa Tuesday afternoon by the members of Cedar Lake camp.

The ceremonies of the day began by the serving of a sumptuous dinner in the Hamlin data after which the guests adjourned to the Royal Neighbor hall, where a general "get acquainted with each other" hour was spent. Oracle Talbot of Cedar Lake camp then called the meeting to order and Olson camp was invited to exemplify the ritualistic work, which they did in a most creditable manner. One candidate, Mrs. Floral Christensen, was initiated into the order. At the close of this work a member from Grayslake gave a reading which was certainly much enjoyed by all present. As it was then nearing train time the visiting neighbors bid their Lake Villa friends adieu and wended their way toward the depot each feeling that the day had not only been pleasantly but profitably spent.

A few remarks from Oracle Talbot led us to believe that Cedar Lake camp was repaying its social indebtedness by thus entertaining the various camps, but those who attended could see that they were doing far more than that. They were by their generous hospitality increasing the spirit of Royal Neighborliness and by bringing the members together and spreading the spirit of good fellowship broadcast among them all they have proved themselves neighbors, royal indeed.

HOOF AND MOUTH DISEASE BREAKS OUT AFRESH

Although the quarantine was lifted but a few weeks ago a new outbreak of the much dreaded foot and mouth disease has been reported from Libertyville and according to the latest word farmers in that vicinity at once demanded that the entire herd be slaughtered.

Late Tuesday afternoon Dr. Butterfield, a veterinarian, was called to the A. Hecht farm, under lease to A. H. Frear, to examine a sick cow. The doctor diagnosed the case as foot and mouth disease and then called in State Veterinarian Dr. Casper to examine the herd.

Wednesday morning it was found that seven other of the cattle had developed the disease during the night, and the veterinarian set to work to appraise the whole herd. Laborers were at once employed to dig the trenches and it is reported that the entire herd of seventy-eight cattle were shot before night. Having undergone one siege of the quarantine the farmers in that section are very anxious that everything possible be done to prevent a recurrence.

O. E. S. and R. N. A. Elect Officers

At the last stated meeting of Antioch Chapter O. E. S. the following officers were elected for the following year: Worthy Matron, Miss Elizabeth Wobbe; Worthy Patron, E. E. Brook; Associate Matron, Mrs. Mary Watson; Secretary, Miss Ella Ames; Treasurer, Mrs. Mabel Grimm; Conductress, Mrs. Julia Rosenfeld; Associate Conductress, Mrs. Lottie Johnson.

At the regular meeting of Olson Camp No. 459 held Tuesday evening, the following officers were selected for the coming year: Oracle, Mrs. R. M. Haynes; Vice Oracle, Mrs. B. F. Naber; Chancellor, Mrs. Wm. Harrower; Recorder, Mrs. Chas. Powles; Receiver, Mrs. Chas. Runyard; Marshall, Mrs. Geo. Huber; Inside Sentinel, Mrs. N. E. Proctor; Outside Sentinel, Mrs. A. Dibble; Board of Manager, Mrs. C. S. Richards; Physician, Dr. Warriner.

Alluring Offer

J. Fuller Gloom—"I have a standing offer of ten dollars in gold for the first individual of any pair of horses to talk the other one to death."—Kansas City Star.

Unfortunate Men

Some men are so constructed that they simply have to swallow somebody, and rather than be idle they will bunto their friends.

Device Saves Much Labor

Concrete pipes have been patented with pipes running through their centers through which water can be pumped to wash away the earth and permit them to sink under their own weight.

Cost of Criminality

Maintenance of prisons in England costs \$2,330,000 a year.

ANOTHER SUIT IS STARTED

Bondsmen for Ames Will be Called Upon to Pay State Income Tax

ATTY. DADY STARTS SUIT

Twenty-two men of Antioch township, who paid more than \$27,000 when Fred E. Ames, former county treasurer was found short in his accounts to that extent, will now be proceeded against by the state's attorney for recovery of inheritance tax fees which Ames kept as his own. Ralph Dady prosecuting attorney of Lake county was notified Saturday morning by Attorney General Lucey to take immediate steps toward recovery of these back fees.

Amount due the county from this source is \$583.32. List of bondsmen who are affected by the latest move follows:

E. H. Ames, T. Jeff Smith, W. S. Westlake, Herman Beck, Wallace Drom, J. R. Cribb, Richard Kaye, D. A. Williams, E. B. Williams, J. B. Burnett, L. B. Grice, G. D. Paddock, G. E. Webb, W. F. Ziegler, John Engman, Wm. Kelly, Geo. Brown, J. M. Labester, J. M. Huecker, B. W. Ames, Sol LaPlant, Gideon Thayer.

These men signed Ames bond Nov. 20, 1906, the total amount of the bond being \$300,000. They made good the shortage after Ames skipped for parts unknown in 1909. At that time the community was shocked to find that the former treasurer was indebted to the county to the extent of more than \$27,000.

No attempt had been made to juggle the books, but when time to settle came, there was cash to that amount still lacking. His bondsmen, paid after a search for the missing official failed to disclose any inkling as to his whereabouts.

Part of the money kept by Ames was inheritance tax fees to the amount stated. It was fees of this nature that Carl P. Westerfield was forced to pay into the county treasury by the order of the supreme court last year when that body decided the law permitting the treasurer to keep 2 per cent of all inheritance taxes collected, as his own, was unconstitutional.

Westerfield was forced to pay into the county coffers a sum of more than \$7,000, but did so only when the court ordered such action. The vast difference between the amount due from Ames and that turned into the treasury by Westerfield was caused, by the collection by the former of \$4,500 in fees from the Montgomery Ward estate.

The largest single sum collected by Ames from this source was \$275.23 from the inheritance tax which went to the state when J. V. Farwell died. None of the other fees from the collection of this tax was more than \$40, and one was as low as 8 cents.

The step about to be taken by State's Attorney Dady is without precedent in this county, as it was not until Westerfield was ordered to pay in the fees he had pocketed that it was definitely known to whom the money belonged. When Ames' bondsmen first settled with the county, after his disappearance, no mention was made of the inheritance tax fees.

Asks Partition of Estate

Mrs. Mary E. White of Avon through her attorney, has filed a bill for partition of real estate in Avon township, known as the VanPatten farm. She has named Ruth VanPatten, Eleanor Tobin, David Van Patten, Charles Van Patten, Claire C. Edwards and John Kelley as defendants. Death of several heirs-at-law, mortgages and quit claim deeds have complicated the situation which resulted from the inheritance of the Julia Van Patten estate, and to assure each heir of his proper share, the partition suit has been started.

As Judge Edwards is made a party to the suit, it is probable that Judge Donnelly of Woodstock will hear the case when it comes to trial at the March term.

Seed Well Preserved

Peas found in mummy cases have been planted quite recently and found to grow.

MORE CARRIERS QUIT JOBS AT KENOSHA

Democratic retrenchment in the rural mail service out of Kenosha promises to bring complete paralysis to the department. On Thursday Irvin Buswell, who has traveled Route No. 30 for the past six years, turned in his resignation and this week there followed to Washington the resignation of Ralph Pedley, long carrier on Route No. 34 and Chester Brooks, who has been working in the same capacity on Route No. 25. But one carrier remains on the force and that is Hans Mogenson, the pioneer carrier on Route No. 31 in Somers. His resignation is expected to go to Washington within a week, but at the urgent suggestion of the local officials he was kept on the job.

Buswell, Brooks and Pedley are not seeking to cause any trouble in the service, and all three of them have declared that they will give the government the customary month's notice, but their services will be terminated on the first day of the new year. The men declare that they resigned because it was physically impossible for them to do the work demanded by the government in the time allowed. All declare that they were not able to make the places on their routes and that the service was so unsatisfactory that they were unwilling to stand for the complaints of patrons for the small salaries paid by the government for this work. No one has been named to succeed the retiring carriers and it will be necessary to hold examinations. It is admitted that it will be very hard for men to be found who will take over these places.

LITTLE SON OF MR. AND MRS. HARDEN TAKEN

The grim shadow of death settled down upon the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harder on Wednesday evening when their only child, Cecil passed away after an illness of seven weeks.

From the first his was a very serious case of typhoid but after a few weeks it appeared to have been conquered. However just as the parents were feeling highly encouraged a case of pneumonia developed and for many days the little fellow hovered closely between life and death. Again medical skill and loving care seemed to triumph and all danger was thought to have been passed. Wednesday he was considered much better as the fever seemed to have entirely abated. In the evening he was taken with a hemorrhage, and at nine o'clock he breathed his last.

The parents have the sympathy of all in their bereavement.

The funeral services will be held at the home, Saturday afternoon at two o'clock. Burial in the Antioch Hillside cemetery.

Our Annual Christmas Number

We are this week presenting our readers with our annual Christmas edition and we take the opportunity of thanking our patrons for the favors of the past year and to wish each and every one a happy Yuletide season.

In this issue the leading business houses have made a display of their wares and prices to assist you in making your Christmas purchases. Visit the stores herein represented, they are bidding for your patronage and they will make it worth your while.

Heat From the Sun

An Italian scientist has figured that a square mile of the surface of the earth in six hours of sunshine receives heat equivalent to the combustion of more than 2,600 tons of coal.

Feminine Reasoning

Hub—"Well, it takes two to make a quarrel, so I'll shut up." Wife—"That's just like a contemptible man. You'll sit there and thak meek things."

Daily Thought

After all, it's not what is around us, but what is in us; not what we have, but what we are, that makes us really happy.—Goethe.

Excellent Motto

"Practice with science" is the motto of the Royal Agricultural society of England.

Feeds the Brute

When a woman quarrels with her husband, she consults her kitchen cabinet to find a way to peace.—Nashville Tennessean.

Philosophy Talks

"People say I'm a fool, I know," said Uncle Eben, "but generally seem to find out much worth talking."

NEWS ITEMS FROM OUR EXCHANGES

Busy People's Column of Interesting News In Condensed Form

CLIPPINGS OF INFORMATION

Green county, Wisconsin celebrated "cheese day" recently and no wonder. Of the 577 Wisconsin factories making limburger, Swiss and brick cheese 167 are in Green county.

It takes a bale of cotton weighing 500 pounds to fire a 16-inch gun, so that the war ought to be a great cotton boom.

Inspectors are surely going after calf buyers these days. Frank Geske was arrested at Crystal Lake last week on a charge of shipping immature veal. He paid a fine of \$25 and costs.

The Panama-Pacific Exposition closed last Saturday with a net cash balance of \$1,400,000, breaking all exposition records.

It has been figured out to McHenry that an adequate sewerage system for that village would cost approximately \$27,000.

There were only five persons killed in hunting accidents in Wisconsin this year. In 1907 the total reached 51. The one buck law appears to be saving lives as well as does.

Chas. H. Curtis, Kenosha tailor, recently had on display in his show window the largest pair of men's trousers ever ordered in Kenosha. These trousers belonged to David McGuire of Stillwater, Minn. McGuire has a waist measure of 83 inches and weighs 550 pounds. It took as much cloth to make this pair of trousers as it does a full suit of clothes for the ordinary man.

According to the Elgin papers the speedometer department of the Elgin National Watch company has just taken an order for 100,000 speedometers for Dodge Bros. automobile concern at Detroit, Mich. The order will mean a big working addition to that department.

FIRE RAGES AT POOR FARM TUESDAY NIGHT

Inmates of the Lake County poor farm at Libertyville fought a two hour battle with fire Tuesday night, and by their untiring efforts won a battle which means much to the taxpayers of the entire County.

Shortly after midnight a fire was discovered on the roof of the pump house under the big water tower at the farm. The inmates were aroused from their slumbers by the night watchman and the volunteer department of the institution was soon at work with pails and hose. They worked fully two hours and it was close to morning when they returned to their beds.

The fire was a stubborn one and as soon as it was extinguished in one section of the pump house it broke out in another. It was feared for a time that the main dwelling house would catch fire. It is believed that the fire originated from an overheated chimney.

Scatters Death Wildly
A shell weighing about seven pounds exploded into a shower of 1,200 pieces.

Beaver Hats Isolated Or
At one time in England people were prohibited by law from making hats of anything except beaver.

Aerial Navigation Not New
Researches into the principles of aerial navigation date back to the fourteenth century.

Optimistic Thought
The hour finds the man, not the man the hour.

Daily Thought
One word, one look, can efface years of affection.—Balzac.

English Language Widely Spread
English is spoken by 152,000,000 persons.

PROMINENT RESIDENT OF ANTIOCH PASSED AWAY

One of the most highly respected and prominent citizens of this township, Mr. Wm. Westlake, passed away at his home here at 10:30 o'clock Friday evening, after an illness of less than one week, a severe case of pneumonia coupled with serious heart complications was the cause of his demise.

He was one of the most influential men of the village widely known for his kindly and benevolent spirit and his many acts of charity, mostly done in secret, are today serving as most substantial monuments to his memory.

He has always taken an active interest in the business affairs of the village and was among the foremost to promote improvements. He was instrumental in establishing the State Bank of Antioch and has served as its president for several years.

Mr. Westlake was born at Midsomer Norton, Somersetshire, England, Sept. 22, 1844. When twelve years of age he came to America.

His fidelity to American institutions was marked in his intelligent interest in all phases of American life, and his devotion to her in the hour of her need. When a boy of scarcely more than 10 years of age, in Jan. 1864, he enlisted in Co. L, 11th Illinois cavalry and went to the defense of a stricken and suffering nation. After nearly two years service, Nov. 23, 1865, he was mustered out. He has always taken great interest in the remnant of heroes of that glorious army and was a member of Post 374 of the G. A. R. of Waukegan.

Mr. Westlake was united in marriage to Miss Isabella Pazz on March 8, 1867, and thus for over 48 years they have walked together. Four children were born to them: Mrs. Isabella Horton of Bristol, Wis.; Mrs. Drucilla Ferrel of Mrs. Mae Labdon of Antioch and Chas. Paul who died in 1884.

July 25, 1880, under the ministry of the Rev. W. F. Atchinson, Mr. Westlake united with the Methodist Episcopal church of Antioch and has been a devout and earnest member of this body. His interest was manifested in all of the phases of the church life. He was on the building committee in the erection of the present edifice, one of the Superintendents of the Sunday school, a class leader, at different times a lay delegate to the lay conference and at the time of his death was trustee and steward of the church, and a teacher of an adult bible class in the Sunday School.

Besides his wife and three daughters, he leaves to mourn his demise, six grandchildren and one brother, Joseph, besides a large number of friends.

The funeral services were held at the church Monday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock with Rev. Heller in charge, assisted by Rev. E. J. Aikin, a former pastor here and a close friend of the deceased. Several members of Waukegan Post G. A. R. were present.

It was also most of the old soldiers in this vicinity who at the close of the services, took charge of the casket. A large number of persons from a distance were also in attendance.

The remains were laid to rest in Antioch Hillside cemetery.

Bowling News of I
Astron made a record of 100 pins in 10 minutes.

Joe's and other ship. 61
Friday night, a schooner, the "Astron," was spotted in the Gulf of Mexico.

There that the "Astron" was spotted in the Gulf of Mexico.

The third game of the match between the "Astron" and the "Astron" was played in the Gulf of Mexico.

Chicago, N.D.
The "Astron" was spotted in the Gulf of Mexico.

The BALL of FIRE

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER and LILLIAN CHESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY C.D. RHODES

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SYNOPSIS.

At a vestry meeting of the Market Square church, Jim Sargent, listening to discussion about the sale of the church, is attracted to Edward E. Allison, a local traction engineer, and when asked her opinion of the church by Rev. Smith Boyd, says it is apparently a lucrative business enterprise. Allison takes Gall riding in his motor car. When he suggests he is entitled to ride on the laurels of his achievement, she asks the disturbing question: "Why?" Gall finds cold disapproval in the eyes of Rev. Smith Boyd. At a banquet party Allison tells Jim Sargent that his new ambition is to conquer the world. He starts a campaign for consolidation and control of the entire transportation system of the world. Gall becomes popular. Allison gains control of transcontinental traffic and arranges to absorb the Veder court cement property of Market Square church. Gall tells Boyd that she has accepted the church's proposal to build will be out of profits from the sale of the church. Rev. Smith Boyd undertakes Gall's spiritual instruction and Gall unconsciously gives Allison a hint that solves the Veder court problem for him. She goes on an inspection trip in Allison's new subway.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

Out in the open, where the sun paled the electric lights of the car into sickly yellow, up into the air, peering into third-story tenements and down narrow alleys, adroitly and without flapping pieces of laundry work, then suddenly into the darkness of the tunnel again, then out, on the surface of country fields, and dreary winter landscape, to the terminal. It was more cozy in the tunnel, and they returned there for lunch.

Suddenly there came a dull, muffled report, like the distant firing of a cannon. Then an interval of silence, and a faintest sound, in which the car smoothly on, and, half rising, they sat at each other in startled question.

Then, all at once, came a loud roar, as if the world had disintegrated, a jelling and jerking, a long stoppage, a clattering, and a popping and crashing and grinding, entering in its volume, and with it all, darkness, blackness so intense that it seemed almost palpable to the touch.

There was a single shriek, and a nervous laugh verging on hysteria. The shriek was from Arly, and the laugh from Lucille. There was a cry from the forward end of the car, as of someone in pain. A man's yell of fright; Gregory the general manager. A strong hand clutched Gall's in the darkness, firm, reassuring. The doctor.

"Don't move!" It was the voice of Allison, crisp, harsh, commanding.

"Anybody hurt?" Tim Corman, the voice of age, but otherwise steady.

"It's me," called Tom, the motor-man. "Head cut a little, arm bruised. Nothing bad."

"Gall?" Allison again.

"Yes." Clear voiced, with the courage which has no sex.

"Mrs. Tensdale? Mrs. Fosland? Ted? Doctor Boyd?" and so through the list. Everybody safe.

"It is an accident, blast," said the voice of Allison. He had figured that a police statement of just what had happened, might, expedite official action. "We are below the Fairmount, over a hundred feet deep, and the tube has caved in on us. There is no waste of exertion. Don't waste it! And what electrical equipment!"

Heard up, and showed the engineer bending over the controls.

Red Allison. "We

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He sat down, and

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McCarthy, Boyd

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the doctor there was nothing the matter with her, they brought, at her urgent request, copies of the "extras," which were already being yelled from every street corner and down every quiet residence block.

The accounts were, in the main, more or less accurate, barring the fact that they started with the assumption that there had been one hundred in Allison's party, all killed. Later issues, however, regretfully reduced the number of dead to forty, six, and finally none, at which point they became more or less coherent, and gave an exact list of the people who were there, the cause of the accident, and a most appreciatively accentuated history of the heroic work of the men. Although she regretted that her picture had by this time crept into the public prints, grouped with the murders and defalcations of the day, she was able to overlook this personal discomfort as one of the minor penalties which civilization has paid for its progress. Like electric light, bugs and electric fan neuralgia, and the smell of gasoline.

In the meantime, the representatives of the gay and care-free and absolutely unscarred metropolitan press, were by no means discouraged by the fact that they had not been able to secure much, except hectic imaginings from the exterior of the Sargent house. They were busy in every other possible direction, with the same commendable persistence which we observe in an ant to drag a grasshopper up and down a cornstalk on the way home.

Little Miss Piper of the Morning Planet, a somewhat withered and puckered little woman, who had sense enough to dress so as to excite nothing but pity, quietly slipped on her ugly little bonnet with the funny ribbon bow in the back, and hurried out to the magnificent residence of Mrs. Phyllis Worthmore, who loathed publicity and had photographs taken once a month for the purpose.

The result of that light-hearted and light-headed interview, in which Mrs. Phyllis Worthmore, by special request, was not quoted, suddenly sprang on the startled eyes of Gall, when she leaped through the Sunday Morning Planet, at eight o'clock next morning. An entire page, embellished in the center with a beautifully printed photograph, was devoted to the sensational beauty from the middle West! Around her were grouped nine smaller photographs: Allison, Dick Rodley, Willis Cunningham, Houston Van Ploon, Rev. Smith Boyd, a sorrowful youth who had danced with her three times, a count who had said "How do you do?" and called for Europe, and two men whom she had never met. All these crack eligibles were classified under the general head of "Slaves to Her Witching Smile," and a big, boxed-in list was given, in extremely black-faced type, stating, in dollars and cents, the exact value in the matrimonial market of each slave; and the lively genius who had put together this symposium, by a lowering happy thought conceived in the very height of the rush hours, totaled the whole, and gave it as the commercial worth of Gall's beauty and charm. It ran into thirteen figures, including the dollar mark and the two ciphers for cents.

When Lucille Tensdale and Arly Fosland arrived at Jim Sargent's house at ten o'clock, and had been let in at the side entrance, they found Gall dabbling her eyes with a powder puff, taken from a little black traveling bag which stood open at her side. Arlene was a second later than Lucille in clasping Gall in her arms, because she had to lift a traveling veil. The two girls expressed their condolence and their horror of the outrage, and voluntarily poured out more sympathy; then they sat down and shrieked with laughter.

"It's too awful for words!" gasped Lucille. "But it is funny, too."

Gall's chin quivered.

"There should be a law against such things," she broke heartily returned, in a voice which wavered and halted with the echoes of recent sobs.

"I'll put the Planet out of business!" stormed Jim Sargent, stalking up and down the library, with his hair clenched and his face purple. "I'll bankrupt them!" and he paused, as he passed, to reassessingly pat the shoulder of poor Aunt Grace, who sat perfectly numb holding one thumb until the bone ached.

"The press is the palladium of our national liberty," Uncle Jim," drawled the soothing voice of Ted.

"You can't do a thing about it," counseled Gerald Fosland, a stiff-looking gentleman who never made a mistake of speech, or manner, or attire.

"Shucks, Gall!" suddenly remembered Lucille. "The Big Faulkner reception is this week, and your gown was to be so stunning. Don't go home!"

Mrs. Helen Davies cast on her feather-brained daughter a glance of severe reproof.

"Have you no sense of propriety, Lucille?" she warned. "Gall, very naturally, cannot remain here under the circumstances. It does great credit to her that, immediately upon realizing this horrible occurrence, she telegraphed to her mother, without consulting any of us, that she was returning."

"I just wanted to go home," said Gall, her chin quivering and her pretty throat tremulous with breath pent from sobbing.

"It'll blow over, Gall," argued Uncle Jim, in deep distress because she was going so soon. If she had only stopped long enough to pack up, they might have persuaded her to stay. "Just forget it, and have a good time."

"Jim," ordered the stern voice of

Greggory was the first to give out.

ento, avasie fragrance which was like

the passing of Arly. Something made

him stand, for a moment, with a trace

of feeling which came to awe. He did

not notice, until afterwards, that he

had, tilted.

He went on to the dainty blue bed-

room, and looked earnestly about it,

then he went back to the boudoir and

seated himself on the stiff chair in

which he had, on rare occasions, sat

and chatted with her. He remained

there perhaps half an hour. Suddenly

he arose, and called for his limousine,

and drove to Tensdale's. They were

out, he was told. They were at Mr.

Sargent's, and he drove straight there.

Somehow, he was glad that, since they

were out, they had gone to Sargent's.

He was most anxious to see Lucille.

"Just in time to join the mourners,"

Gerald, greeted Ted. "We're doing a

very solemn lot of Galling."

"I'll join you with pleasure," agreed

Gerald, feeling more at home and

light of heart here than he had any-

where during the day. Lucille seemed

particularly near to him. "Have you

any intimation that Gall expects to

return soon?"

"None at all," stated Aunt Helen,

with a queer mixture of somberness

and impatience. "She only writes

about what a busy time they are hav-

ing, and how delightfully eager her

friends have been about her, and how

popular Arly is, and such things as

that."

"Arly is popular everywhere," stated

Gerald, and Lucille looked at him

wonderingly, turning her head very

slowly towards him.

"What do you hear from Arly?" she

inquired, holding up her hand as if

to shield her eyes from the fire, and

studying him curiously from that

shadow.

"Much the same," he answered, "ex-

cept that she mentions Gall's popular-

ity instead of her own. She had her

maid send her another trunkful of

clothing, I believe," and he fell to

gazing into the fireplace.

"I am very much disappointed in

Arly," worried Aunt Helen. "I sent

Arly specifically to bring Gall back in

a week, and they have been gone nine

over, worried Aunt Helen. "Gall's presence here at this time is so important that I do not see how she can neglect it. It may affect her entire future life. A second season is never so full of opportunities as the first one."

"Oh, nonsense," laughed Jim. "You're a fanatic on matchmaking. Helen. What you really mean is that Gall should make a choice out of the matrimonial market before it has all been picked over."

Lucille watched Gerald with intense interest. She could scarcely believe the startling idea which had popped into her head! Gerald's only apparent deviation from his normal attitude had consisted in abstractedly staring into the fire, instead of paying polite attention to everyone.

"You scare me," said Lucille, still watching Gerald. "I'm not going to leave Gall out there any longer. I'm going to have her back at once."

Gerald raised his head immediately, and smiled at her.

"Splendid," he approved. "Fact of the matter is," and he hesitated an instant, "I'm becoming extremely in-

terested."

Even Ted detected something in Gerald's tone and in his face.

"It's time you were waking up," he bluntly commented. "I should think you would be lonely without Arly."

"Yes, isn't it time," agreed Gerald, studying the matter carefully. "You know, both having plenty of leisure, there's never been any occasion for us to travel separately before, and, really, I miss her dreadfully."

"I think I'll have to get her for you, Gerald," promised Lucille, removing her hand from in front of her eyes, and smiling at him reassuringly. She could smile beautifully just now. The incredible thing she had thought she detected was positively true, and it made her exultantly happy! Gerald Fosland had been in love with his wife, and had never known it until now!

"If you can work that miracle, and bring Gall back with her, you'll spread sunshine all over the place," declared Jim Sargent. "It's been like a funeral here, since she went home. You'd think Gall was the most important section of New York. Every-

body's blue—Allison, Doctor Boyd; everybody who knows her inquires, with long faces, when she's coming back!"

"What do you propose?" inquired Mrs. Helen Davies, with a degree of interest which intimated that she was quite ready to take any part in the conspiracy.

"I have my little plan," laughed Lucille. "I'm going to send her an absolutely irresistible reminder of New York!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Kill nerves to Cure Neuralgia.

Severe neuralgia can be cured by injecting alcohol into the nerves, but the cost is terrible, for the price is the death of the nerve, with paralysis as the result.

Such, in brief, is the conclusion which Dr. Williams B. Cadwalador reports to the Journal of the American Medical Association after experiments made at the Laboratory of Neurophysiology of the University of Pennsylvania.

The alcohol kills not only the nerves of sensation, but the motor nerves as well. In a nerve like the sciatic this would be serious. For the nerve may remain paralyzed for a year after the injection of the alcohol.

In trifling neuralgia, which is caused by a purely sensory nerve, this action is of little importance. The cure is not permanent, however, but affords freedom from pain for several months, perhaps as much as a year. The nerves regenerate just as they do when severed.

The Unwelcome Truth.

"Miss Braddon, the English novelist," said a publisher, "made \$500,000 out of her books, her publisher's share being \$1,500,000."

"Miss Braddon's great success, she once told me, was due to her avoidance in her books of truth. Truth," she said, is the one thing the average novel reader doesn't want. For truth, you see, is unpleasant."

"She illustrated her point by a wife who asked her husband:

"George, how do you like the new shade I've had my hair done?"

"Well, my dear, George began, 'to tell you the truth—'

"Stop right there, George," his wife interrupted. "Stop right where you are. When you begin like that I don't want to hear you." — Washington Star.

An Almanac Monopoly.

The sale of almanacs was once a lucrative monopoly. Queen Elizabeth granted the sole right to publish "almanacs and prognostications" to the Stationers' company, and James I. extended the privilege to the University of Oxford and Cambridge, but for centuries only these three bodies were permitted to issue printed calendars. The monopoly ended when the claim of the king to the privilege of granting or withholding permission to issue calendars—a survival, perhaps, from days when kings asserted their right to regulate all things, including even the times and seasons—was definitely disproved and proclaimed nonexistent. Now anybody can say, who's who anywhere.—London Chronicle.

A Practical Thought.

"Do you know," said the amateur astronomer, "that it takes the light of certain stars millions of years to reach the earth?"

"Why no," answered the ordinary citizen. "I hadn't heard of that, but since you mention it, I'm glad we have an arc light on our corner."

99 YEARS IN JAIL FINED \$1,000,000

Creek Indian Woman Has Become a Nuisance, Said Police Judge.

Muskogee, Okla.—Police Judge Ed. J. Williams has assessed upon Mandy Simon, a Creek Indian woman, a fine of \$1,000,000 and sentenced her to 99 years in the city jail. She has been in the police court here virtually every week for several years.

Judge Williams said he set the fine so high and sentenced her to 99 years because he did not want her over to beat large again. The judge's actions were recorded in the record books of the police department and he was supported by Chief of Police Joe Depew. Said Judge Williams: "Mandy has been a continual pest to the city of Muskogee for years. She was always causing trouble by



"One Million Dollars and Ninety-Nine Years."

getting drunk and dopping up. Counting all the times she has been sentenced in this court, I would estimate that she has served her time she would have served some fifteen years. I will see to it personally that she spends the remainder of her days in the Muskogee jail."

KNOWS NOTHING OF HIS PAST

Middle-Aged Tennessee Man Loses All Memory as to His Identity.

Chattanooga, Tenn.—The medical society here is studying the case of a middle-aged, well-dressed man who has suffered a complete lapse of memory. He has been in Chattanooga several days and is registered as "D. G. Harris," but he says he took that name after he discovered himself to have forgotten all facts of his identity.

He says he was on a train between Bluefield, W. Va., and Asheville, N. C., when he realized his mental lapse. Nothing in his clothing or effects gave a clue, except his laundry, which bears the initials J. D. M. He remained in Bristol two or three days and then came to Chattanooga.

He has sufficient money for present needs, but the supply of clothing carried in his grip reveals the fact that he didn't expect to make a long trip. Local doctors promise him a series of memory tests and care will restore him to a normal condition. He is greatly worried for fear his people, wherever they are, will think him dead, as well as because of his fear that he will never recover.

BRUIN TREED BY CHILDREN

Six Tots From a Rural Schoolhouse in California Throw Scare Into Bear.

Redding, Cal.—Six schoolchildren, the oldest of them aged nine, treed a bear at the Oak Run schoolhouse a few days ago.

During the afternoon recess while the tots were at play bruin ambled into the schoolgrounds. The children, barking like dogs, took after the bear, who, inking fright, climbed a tree to get out of danger.

Miss Vivian Brauer called the children into the schoolhouse, locked the door and, womanlike, pulled down the blinds.

A few minutes later the bear climbed down the tree and ran into Ames Welch's field, 50 yards further up the creek. Welch shot and killed it. There was a barbecue at the Oak Run schoolhouse the following day.

KILLS HORSES TO SAVE HOME

Wife Tells Why She Poisoned Husband's Racers on Which He Spent Fortune.

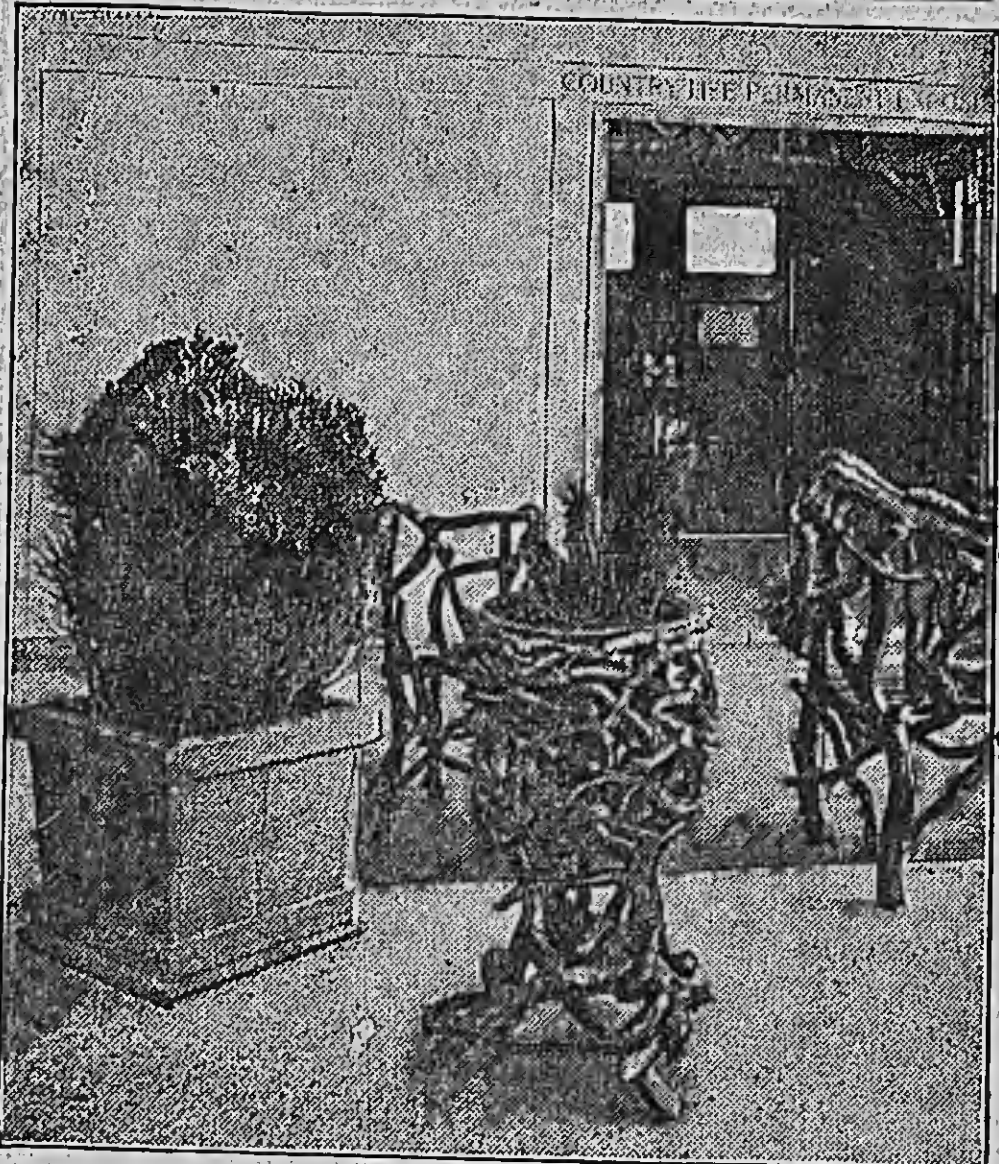
Lorain, O.—Mrs. Margaret Clark, sixty years old, told Judge Thompson in common pleas court that she poisoned her husband's two race horses at the Elvira fairgrounds because she desired to save the rest of her property.

"My husband has spent a fortune in the racing game," said Mrs. Clark, "and I gave the two horses, which were as much mine as his, poison, in order to save the remainder of our possessions."

The HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubbage

Their Care and Cultivation



Keep Ferns and Palms in a Shady Corner.

CARE OF HOUSE PLANTS

By LIMA ROSE.

If you know the needs of the different plants, you can mix the proper soil yourself for potting your house plants. Take some old bluegrass sod and pile it up until it rots, and you will have an ideal form of decayed vegetable matter for the principal constituent of all kinds of soil for potted plants. There are three kinds of potting soil, as follows:

For geraniums and the ordinary varieties of blooming plants—Three parts loam from the rotted sod, one part well-rotted manure and one part sand, if the soil is heavy.

For ferns, begonias and such foliage plants—Two parts loam, one part leaf mold or peat, and one-half part sand, if soil is heavy.

For palms or roses—Two parts clay loam and one part well-rotted manure, and sand to suit the texture condition.

Use the finger test to learn if the plants need water; when it cakes readily there is too much water; so do not give the plants a little each day, but only water when needed.

Never use a nozzle on the end of a hose in watering, as it causes the stream to pack the soil and injure the foliage.

To prevent your window plants from blooming only on the street side, turn them occasionally, and you will have the blooms in the room as well. Do not give foliage plants as much light as for flowering plants; keep the ferns in a shady corner; a north window is a good place.

Use as dry material only well-rotted manure. To prepare liquid manure to be applied only after the ordinary watering has been done, take an ordinary barrel containing one-half bushel of fresh cow dung, and if extra strength be required add a couple of quarts of fresh hen manure, and cover with water.

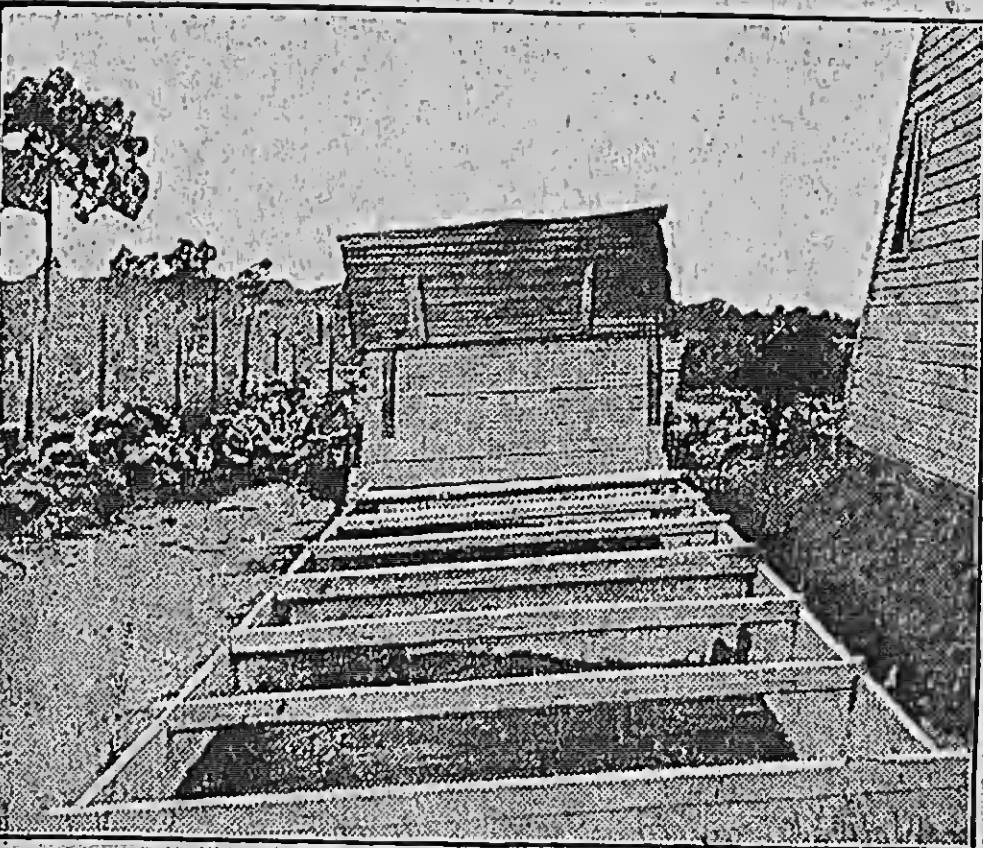
After it has been fermented there

MAKE A COLD PIT

In a dry spot in the garden excavate for a depth of two feet or more of a place suitable to be covered with glass sash.

Many plants such as roses, violets, lilies can be kept in a cold frame and brought into the light and heat of a window garden or conservatory from time to time to keep up a succession of blooms during the winter and spring.

Ordinary hotbed sash, which are three feet wide and six feet long, are used for covering cold pits. Board



In a Dry Spot in the Garden Excavate for a Depth of Two Feet or More for Your Cold Pit.

RICHES TO ALMS AND RICH AGAIN

Outcast Daughter of Early Millionaire Returns to Old-Age Comforts.

PLOT FOR MELODRAMA

Cast Off by Father When She Divorces Her Husband to Marry Another—Returns in Old Age and Recovers Riches.

Chicago.—In the good old days of melodrama you might have stood, dined in hand waiting at the theater door for a sight of that rattling melodrama, "From Millionaire's Mansion to Poorhouse, or Stubborn as Her Father."

From the program slip you might have learned that Seth Wadhams was a millionaire ice manufacturer of Chicago, and beautiful Emma was his daughter. And then you would have learned forward tensely to see old Seth point a forefinger (lean) at his daughter and hear his harsh Connecticut voice plunk down the law:

"Daughter, you divorced Loring without my consent. The son of the proudest social family in Chicago. A couple of years of him sated you. You rid yourself of him."

"And now you're going to marry Colton, the architect, eh? I say you shan't! Marry him and you'll never darken my door again!"

Spirited Girl Departs.

Now, what could a young girl of spirit do? One insolent glance at old Seth; one defiant stare over the foot lights—and she's gone!

Well, years had passed, and with their passing had come no word of beautiful Emma Wadhams nor of Colton. Married they had been, and then had vanished.

Old Seth Wadhams had become a man of sorrow. So Seth Wadhams began a search. It brought no results. Seth Wadhams lost hope. He was out of business now, had sold his ice company and had retired permanently.

By the way, this isn't stage fiction; it's the truth. But to resume:

A dozen years had passed and Seth Wadhams made his will, disposing of all his property. No bequest was left to his daughter, for he was convinced that she was dead.

And on February 6, 1888, Seth Wadhams laid him down and died.

Here Skip 23 Years.

Skip 23 years. In April, 1911, a bent little woman came to the Old People's home of Chicago. Her hair was faded and her step was uncertain.

"My name is Emma Wadhams Green," she said. "I am sixty-two



One Glance at Old Seth, and She's Gone.

years old. I was once Mrs. Colton, and my husband was an architect, in difficult circumstances. We lived in various cities. A few years ago he died, and I married a third time. Now Mr. Green and I are poor. He is with relatives in Michigan, and I must ask for shelter."

Then the manager of the Old People's home told her that her father, Seth Wadhams, had left \$30,000 to the home, and they offered her a few dollars a week to live on.

She accepted the money and visited Attorney John J. Coburn. He investigated and found that Mr. Wadhams had left \$10,000 to the home for its ordinary uses and \$20,000 to build a home for old men of American birth, only, separate and apart from said Old People's home.

But the \$20,000 had not been used. It had been invested. So Mrs. Green sued for the money, asserting it should be forfeited, because it had not been put to its proper uses, and it should be given to her as the sole material heir of her father's estate.

Chased by Bull; Became Insane. Lawrenceburg, Ind.—Mrs. Anna M. Newman, aged sixty-seven, wife of a wealthy farmer, became insane recently after being chased by an infuriated bull. Her mind is a blank.

Built Fire and Leaped Into It. Wabash, Ind.—Mrs. Amos Roynold committed suicide recently by leaping into a fire she had built. Her charred remains were found by her two step-children.

FARMING IN THE PANHANDLE

Unequaled Opportunities for Those Skilled in the Raising of Grains and Live Stock.

Millions of acres of fertile Texas land along Rock Island Lines available for settlement to actual farmers. One wheat crop in a good year often pays for the whole farm.

J. C. Eshle of Groom, Texas, had 600 acres to wheat this season averaging 25 bushels per acre. A total of 15,000 bushels which sold at about \$1 per bushel.

Stock raising and dairying pay a good profit every year. Ten dollar land produces the food for fattening beef or pork.

Rock Island Lines have no lands for sale, but we have issued reliable, up-to-date information relative to farming opportunities in territory we serve and can give prospective settlers impartial, trustworthy data as to agricultural possibilities in Rock Island States Southwest. Homeseekers tickets on sale first and third Tuesdays of each month. Write me for full particulars at once. L. M. Allen, Passenger Traffic Manager, Rock Island Lines, Room 719 La Salle Station, Chicago.—Adv.

SHOWING MAN A HYPOCRITE

Story of How Men Imagine (and Only Imagine) They Can Fool Their Friend Wife.

The Story of Two Homes, from the Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

"My dear," said Theodore Arensberg to his wife, "I don't care to go fishing tomorrow at all. I would rather stay in town and attend to my business. But Judge Johnson wants to go fishing very badly, and I guess I will have to go to accommodate him. It will be all right with you, won't it? You know a man has to do a lot of things he doesn't want to do."

"My dear," said Judge Johnson to his wife, "I am sick and tired of fishing, and don't care to go again, but Theodore Arensberg insists that I must go fishing with him tomorrow, and I guess I'll have to go. I have got a lot of things to attend to in town, but I guess I'll have to go tomorrow. I don't want to go fishing, but a man can't follow out his own wishes and desires in this world. It will be all right with you, won't it? Have you seen any fish worms lately?"

ECZEMAS AND RASHES

Itching and Burning Soothed by Cuticura. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Relief, rest and sleep follow the use of these superabundant emollients and indigestible and complete treatment in most cases of young and old, even when the usual remedies have utterly failed.

Sample card free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Nibbling.

To nibble, or not to nibble; that is the question.

Whether it is better to eat three square meals a day or to take arms against a score of little nagging appetites, and by yielding, send them for the time being.

To bite, to crunch—aye, there's the question—and by a bite to think we end the heartburn and the thousand stomach aches that nibbling is heir to—there's the rub.

Much better were our quietus made with a rare beefsteak.—Life.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Durable Pie.

"How long will pumpkin pie keep?"

"It'll depend. I saw a pie at a railroad restaurant on my last trip which I remember having seen early in September."

"What makes you so sure it was the same pie?"

"The same three flies were still standing guard over it."

Not Gray Hairs but Tired Eyes.

Make us look older than we are. Keep your eyes young and you will look young.

After the Movie Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, sends Eye Book on request.

Great Help.

"Did you have anyone to help you when you were hanging the pictures?"

"Oh, yes. My wife stood around and asked me what I was swearing at."

When all others fail to please.

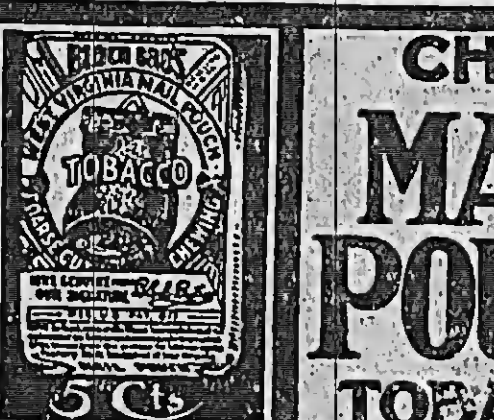
Try Denison's Coffee.

And lots of singers would never get a hearing if they were not members of a volunteer church choir.

Exactly.

"What do you think of the idea of punishing children by electricity?"

"Shocking!"



WESTERN CANADA'S WONDERFUL YIELD

Wheat Yields Reports Extraordinarily Heavy.

When one hears of individual wheat yields of thirty-five to forty bushels per acre, there is considerable incredulity, but when yields, in whole townships extending into districts covering three and four and five hundred square miles in area, of upwards of fifty and some as high as sixty-five bushels per acre are reported, one is led to put his ear to the ground to listen for further rumblings. The writer having heard of these wonderful yields made a trip through the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, to ascertain first hand their truthfulness. It was remarkable to discover that Dams Rumor was no rumor after all, that modesty was her mantle, that all that had been said of these yields was true, and that yields of over seventy bushels per acre were told of. These were so high that the truthfulness of the story was doubtful and very little was said of them. But such there were, and not in one locality but scattered in places hundreds of miles apart. Leaving these out altogether, there were large areas in which the average was over fifty bushels per acre, which in all common sense ought to satisfy most people. One hundred and thirty threshers in Alberta have made their returns to the local government as required by an act of the Legislature, and the average of the wheat threshed was fifty-three bushels to the acre. So immense was the yield that official verification was required before giving it out to the public. Sitting in the smoking compartment of a day coach, where on passing through a farming community, there may be gathered the gossip yarns of the neighborhood, one hears also a lot of news. Just now, the sole topic is that of the crops. A man with more or less of a hirsute appendage, smock, clothes and hands giving the appearance of one working in the field, was asked as to the crops. He had got on his pike, lighting it and then crossing his knees, holding his chin in his hands, possessing an air of supreme contentment, and with an intelligent face, he looked the man who could give some information. And he was just the man. He was a thresher and on his way to Milk River to secure some mules. He was requisitioned for information. "Yes, a good season, I've made a lot of money. As for yields, let's see," and then he began to string them off. "Peterson had 63 bushels of wheat per acre on his five hundred acre farm; from 380 acres Roland got 66 bushels per acre; Banger had one hundred and ten acres that went 63 bushels; Carr had 65 bushels per acre off an eight hundred acre field." And he gave others running from 58 to 66 bushels per acre. All these people lived east of the "line," and seeing immense fields, still covered with stocks he was asked why they were not threshed, he replied that there were not enough "rigs" in the district, and that they would not get through before Christ, mas.

An American writing of a trip he made through Western Canada says: "I went as far west as Saskatoon, back to Regina, Moose Jaw, and down on the Soo line, and I must say that I never saw such crops, or ever heard of anything to compare with it in any country on earth. The country is over the hill, and certainly the farmers have a lot to be thankful for. There are very few of them that have done their work and done it properly but what have their debts paid and have bank accounts left."

And he only traveled the skirt of the country. The same story could be written of any part of any of three provinces.—Advertisement.

Playing Safe.

"I'm surprised to see you riding in the smoker every day. You never use tobacco in any form, do you?"

"No, but if I ride in one of the other cars my wife expects me to be able to tell her what every lady on the train is wearing, and whether it was becoming or not, and if I tell her she accuses me of taking too much interest in other women. If I can't tell her she says I'm too stupid for any kind of use."

The Reason.

Cholly—Why don't you marry?

Algy—I'm too proud to fight, dear boy.

Exactly.

"What do you think of the idea of punishing children by electricity?"

"Shocking!"

Housework

It's hard enough to keep a house in perfect health, but it's even harder to keep it from being a nuisance. Any woman in the world who has a good cause to suspect her husband, especially if it's a real one, should get Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's Kidney Pills are the best remedy for all the troubles that come from a weak kidney. It's a sure cure for all the troubles that come from a weak kidney. It's a sure cure for all the troubles that come from a weak kidney.

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Doan's Kidney Pills are the best remedy for all the troubles that come from a weak kidney. It's a sure cure for all the troubles that come from a weak kidney. It's a sure cure for all the troubles that come from a weak kidney.

Doan's Kidney Pills

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Warner's

Safe Diabetes Remedy

In diabetes the nutrition is impaired—this results in an excess of sugar in the blood, and the failure of the food to nourish, hence a gradual wasting away while eating well.

Symptoms of this disease are increased thirst, excess of urination, emaciation and dry skin, often with sweetish odor.

"I had diabetes and was given up by all doctors of my time. I took Warner's Safe Diabetes Remedy and am now perfectly well."—Rev. A. H. D. Morton, Cashmere, Wash., R. F. D. 2, Oct. 25, 1915.

Copied from a letter received from Rev. A. H. Morton, Cashmere, Wash., R. F. D. 2, Oct. 25, 1915.

"I am doubly thankful for my cure, if it had not been for your remedy, I would have been at the grave for 32 years ago. I have enjoyed my health during these years and have passed few physical examinations and pronounced all right and a clear cure."

Sold by all druggists, or by postpaid on receipt of price, \$1.25. Write for sample and information.

Warner's Safe Remedies Co., Rochester, N. Y.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**.

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Bilelessness, Headache, Dizziness, Indigestion, and all the ills that come from a sluggish liver.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE. Genuine must bear **Arrow Brand**.

For Varicose Veins and Ulcers, Hemorrhoids (Piles), Eczemas, Pains in the Stomach, Abcesses, Sores, Etc., Use **MOONE'S Emerald Oil**.

The famous and unexcelled emollient and germicide, only a few drops required at an application. So moist and powerful that Enlarged Glands, Varicose Veins, and all the ills that come from a sluggish liver, will disappear with its use. Price \$1.00 sent anywhere charges paid on receipt of price.

Generous sample sent on receipt of name.

Moone Chemical Co., Dept. W, Rochester, N. Y.

BLACK LEG

Losses Suffered by Cultivators of the Black Leg. The superiority of Cuticura in the treatment of Black Leg is well known. The Cuticura Laboratory, Durham, N. C.

PARKE'S HAIR BALM

A toilet preparation which is sold everywhere. Beauty to Grayer Hair. 50c and 10c bottles.

ANOLA for Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Neuralgia, Sciatica, etc. Anola is a powerful remedy for all the above ailments. It is a sure cure for all the troubles that come from a weak kidney. It is a sure cure for all the troubles that come from a weak kidney.

WRITE for literature and sample.

FOR SALE Improved Model of the "Anola" Machine. Write for details.

W. N. U., CHICAGO, NO.

PARKE'S HAIR BALM

A toilet preparation which is sold everywhere. Beauty to Grayer Hair. 50c and 10c bottles.

ANOLA for Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Neuralgia, Sciatica, etc. Anola is a powerful remedy for all the above ailments. It is a sure cure for all the troubles that come from a weak kidney. It is a sure cure for all the troubles that come from a weak kidney.

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FOR SALE Improved Model of the "Anola" Machine. Write for details.

W. N. U., CHICAGO, NO.

CHRISTMAS



PRESENTS

Beautiful
Lines
of
Christmas
Gifts

Bath Robes Men's at 2.50, ladies' at 2.00, children's at 1.50. Unusual values for ready-made Bath Robes.

Umbrellas New Christmas Umbrellas; big assortment from 1.00 to 5.00. See our 2.50, 3.00 and 3.50 lines.

Vacuum Carpet Sweepers Leave your order NOW for one of our 5.00 Vacuum Carpet Sweepers. The greatest value ever offered in any Carpet Sweeper.

Rugs A very large stock of Rugs. We are fortunate to offer you such a large stock of small and large Rugs as we do. Early buying, before the advances, allows us to offer you great values.

Ties The largest assortment of men's Ties we have ever shown. Excellent values are given you at 25c. and 50c.

Ladies' Neckwear A beautiful showing of everything that is new in ladies' Neckwear. Big values at 25c and 50c.

Hand Bags Big values are offered you.

Linens Our present stock of Table Linens, Napkins and Towels are values that we will not show again for several seasons. The finest Christmas gift you can give your wife. Let us help you select Table Linens.

C. G. FOLTZ CO.
BURLINGTON, WISCONSIN.

We Write All Kinds of

FIRE INSURANCE

Johnson & Johnson

NEWS OFFICE

H. R. ADAMS & CO.

Retailers of

LUMBER, COAL AND FEED

WISH A MERRY CHRISTMAS
and SUCCESSFUL NEW YEAR
TO ALL.

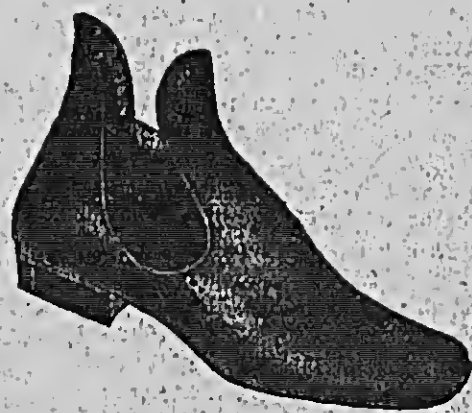
USEFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

You know that grandpa and grandma want to be remembered for Christmas and that they appreciate anything that adds to their comfort, as a suggestion why not give them a nice pair of comfort shoes or slippers or a soft easy shoe that will please them; they are wondering what they will get just the same as you are.

You know that their blood trickles through their veins just as of yore possibly not as fast as formerly but it goes trickling on just the same so try and please them more and more by buying useful presents.

We are offering those pretty fur trimmed Juliets at \$1.00 and \$1.50, in colors.

Ladies warm lined shoes and slippers from \$1.00 up.



Men's fine kid house slipper at \$1.00 to \$2.00.



Boy's rubber boots for those stormy days. Just the thing to give the boy to serve a double purpose, keep them dry in wet weather and is just as pleasing for a Christmas present as any thing that Santa Claus can bring him, also shoes like cut below.



Girls fine patent leather cloth top, button shoes for all the little misses and how useful all the time. The little girl when she takes her doll out for a walk wants pretty shoes so she will be dressed up to and the big girl wants those pretty Gypsy boots and mamma wants those useful Christmas presents for her self also.



You can get them at the

ANTIOCH CASH SHOE STORE
ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS

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HIS NEW YEAR'S GIFT

BY WM. GLYNN

THOUGH it was yet afternoon the studio was like twilight. The reflecting colors of pictures, the red restfulness of a divan, the stained curtains for models, the disorder, hinting a thousand temperamental hours, the blotched floor, the elegance become interesting and lawdry, an atmosphere which suggested the lingering of moments—it all seemed apart from the day outside, from the north light peering above a half-rolled blind.

The artist-occupant sat examining some drawings. He was strongly built, in his early thirties, not handsome, but with eyes remarkable for their glance. His face had the brooding, sensitive quality. The drawings, impressions in wash and crayon, which he went over slowly and of which there were scores, presented an art that only few have been capable of. He had caught character and life in a thousand moods and stories, had done it with that intimacy which cannot be defined. He finished the drawings with something of a sigh, then with something of a smile as his eyes dwelt on a picture set on an easel. Slowly his face filled with mocking



How Was That of a Young Woman.

satire. The painting was that of a young woman done with almost iridescence. It seemed to portray, not flesh and blood, but the thousand things of feeling which the blood served, the throbbing music which is played on temperament. The character was conceived and translated poetically, but its very nuances were striking because of the grasp of the artist. Yet did one fancy it—did the smile on the lips change with an indelible stain to what was coarse and light even as you looked at it? Had Hastings repeated glances of satire wrought this subtle difference in a thing done so tenderly? Or had his brush unintentionally brought out beneath everything the feminine eternal that would not be denied, in the flux of bloom shown the nestling worm? In the varied mystery of life in which nothing dies, where perhaps even thoughts become colors of flowers, who can know or dispute anything?

It was New Year's day and the afternoon was melting away. Hastings threw himself on the couch and for a long time rested, regarding the painting with a changing aspect. The grayness of a thousand days seemed to settle over him, of drifting and not caring, yet carrying downward with him that gift supreme, of knowing that beauty was the necessary dream, but that the world and woman always made of it a lie, that truth could be spoken of only after money. He could think in those terms and yet he did not altogether. His need to appreciate was too strong. In art, at least, he could follow life in time, however deeply and personally he understood its irony. But he was no longer sure that he cared to follow it. The laugh and bitterness of the intervals must increase. He would become a dilettante, glorious perhaps, but careless. And he would be careless, that was the worst of it. At any rate he could color desuetude with a bright aspect, could gamble like a good fellow what was left. He would not appear hard hit.

At this point he invariably added a postscript to his thinking. If she had only cared for the other man. He could hear that and have gone on. But, after many times previously confessing her love for him, she had stood there that day they had parted four months ago and stated so businesslike and with smug, immovable philosophy: "A woman must marry money these days for her own sake." Coming from her, it was unimaginable and left him flat. He could not point out that she had much money of her own, that for him success must come very soon, and that it was his greatest hope she would wait for him. She already knew these things as she knew that he loved her. He had made no answer to her because there was none. Her statement killed even the thought that she was being coerced. If she had only left it possible for him to think beautifully of

her. Nothing else mattered quite so much as that. And yet he did think beautifully of her in spite of everything, though he could not but think in the terms of her own statement last. But it was "all in the game." A man must laugh at those things, what over the laugh, did to him. He was facing another year today, that was all, and her marriage to the other man took place that night.

A black cat came out of the corner, washing its face in the center of the room. A homeless kitten, it had appeared the first day she had come, stealing in the door at the time of her departure. He had kept it as an omen of good luck and more. That was something like nine months ago, if such time could ever be reckoned by calendar. She had told him then that she was a model, but had refused to pose for him without drapes. Who she really was he had found out weeks later. It was too late then; for he had fallen in love with her.

There was a knock at the door, and he went to open it. Stanton, the editor of a powerful weekly, entered. He stalked around the room as one with something to unload, and, at length, flinging himself on the couch, proceeded brusquely: "Hastings, you're an awful ass, and because it was New Year's I dropped in to tell you about it. Ten weeks ago your picture won highest honors at the London exhibit. Two weeks later you repeated in the Metropolitan with another picture. But you have not been acting like a successful man, but to the regret of your friends, like a sloth and a fool. A couple of the boys have seen you beastly drunk. You have shut yourself away from everyone and everything. You are being reviewed by every important journal in the country, and yet you mope around as though you were your own lackey. There are one or two of us have begun to think it is a woman. We do not know of any woman but that cursed portrait is always sitting there. And I do believe the thing lives."

Hastings laughed a little. "It is purely fanciful," he said, "not really a portrait. And, of course, it is absurd to think of a woman in the matter. I suppose that I have not been quite well. Let us have a drink, because it's New Year."

"I'll be hanged if I will, Hastings. I believe you have been drinking too much. I have got to go now. I just turned in for a minute. But do not forget what I have said."

"I will not forget, Stanton; and thanks for your interest. We cannot sometimes explain ourselves to ourselves."

After Stanton had gone he took out his watch. It was five o'clock, and she was to be married at nine. He would sit in the rocker and go to sleep. He would waken probably about about twelve and know that it was all over. He would have a sandwich first and put the decenter of chert beside him. Claret always had a tendency to make him sleep, particularly if he put a little sugar in it. He did these things, but it took him hours to drowse off, and only after he had turned the portrait on the easel.

It seemed that a minute had passed when he awoke. Of course he knew that he was not awake, that he was dreaming. Someone was weeping softly on his shoulder, caressing his hair. Only one woman on earth had that aroma of person. If anywhere in the world he found one of her hairs and touched his cheek with it he would have known to whom it belonged. Then her eyes, penitent and wet with tears, came around, slowly meeting his. With a start he realized that he was awake. He held her, looking at her as something to marvel at. She explained it all in a whispered breath, "I could not do it, Paul," she said. "I ran away from them, from them all. Will you—will you marry me now, dear—tonight?"

He looked and saw that she wore a wedding gown.

"There never was a minute when I would not," he replied.—San Francisco Argonaut.

BEST WISHES.



Unfortunate Old Gentleman—What's that you said?
The Kid—Oh, I only wuz wishin' you a happy New Year.

The Dying Year.
The year is dying away like the sound of bells; the wind passes over the stubble and finds nothing to move; only the red berries of the slender tree seem as if they would faint remind us of something cheerful, and the measured heat of the threshold calls up the thought that in the dry and fallen year lies much of the nourishment of life.—Goethe.

NEW YEAR RESOLVES

Don't Plunge Hastily, but Consider Carefully Promises You Make.

By BILL VINES.
BEWARE, gentle reader, for January 1 approaches. It is time for you to begin to pause in your wild and woolly career for the nonce and consider wisely and well, the particular style of good resolutions that it is your firm purpose to put into immediate and drastic effect on that date. Do not plunge hastily into the matter, and waste a perfectly good resolution. From my personal experience I know that it is a human weakness, in a moment of sentimentality and saffron-hued regret, to the oneself up so tight in an ironbound and ill-considered New Year's resolution that it takes frequently till January 15 to separate oneself from it, and it can be done then, only with considerable mental anguish and a badly considered conscience.

I have on hand now a varied and general job-lot assortment of shop-worn, good resolutions adopted unanimously by the committee on resolutions at its annual meeting sometime between the 25th and 31st of December. None of these resolutions has been used long at a time. They are not frayed on the edges or wadded in the bushing from excess of use. They look awfully good at this gladsome time of the year when one's bank account appears delicate and remorseful. This is the time for a good resolution.



Let us make its strongest appeal to you. You survey the field with an anxious and appealing eye, and looking for comfort and succor. The good resolution steps blandly forward with a smile; bright and cheerful looking, with an open, honest face like the insidious look agent it slips a blank into your ready and nerveless hand and says, "sign here." You are in no mental or physical condition to refuse. You can't turn anything down, much less a good resolution. It is like the night before you could not even turn the bedclothes down, but probably rested your weary head on the pillow and spread your classic form over the hand-worked, snow-white counterpane. You put your hand to your solid ivory, but throbbing nut, and try to recollect your thoughts. You mentally review the past and see nothing in it to cheer you up, not a single bright spot.

On top of this someone sticks a package of letters under the door. You open them slowly, and there you find the gas bill, the coal bill, the rent bill, the grocery bill and you vainly attempt to calculate at what time next spring, by the strictest economy and by cutting out elegance and highballs, you can reasonably expect your bank account to be convalescent. Score, 12 to 6 in favor of the good resolution.

You try to remember if the good resolution now facing you looking so strong and vigorous has ever been introduced to you before. It looks familiar somehow. Can it be any possibility, the same good resolution that you fell for last year, which gave promise of carrying you through the good year 1916 holding you firmly on a permanent seat on the water cart and free from the nasty effects of King Nicotine? You recall with what joy you embraced said good resolution a year ago; how you fell upon its neck and clung to it in your hour of distress and brimstone remorse. You reflect that it ought to be a good resolution; because it is "Made in America," but with more of less distrust you remember that something got wrong with it during the first inning, and it permitted you to "blow up" with the bases full and nobody out. "Away," you mutter, "you are so good, you failed me once, and you will do so again."

Then you turn your bloodshot eye, both of them being that way, to the dresser and you behold the necktie given you by the wife of your bosom, and with a broken sob you snatch the blank from the outstretched hand of "good resolution" and once more you are "on."

Listen—if you do it, and you will—shut both eyes and hold on to that good resolution till the Fourth of July. Don't look it over, for if you do you'll observe its imperfections. Simply exercise the tenacity of a bull pup and hold on. If you last till the Fourth it will be easier—at least I am told so.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

An Old Indian's New Year Greeting

That you may always have a tent and no sorrow as you travel.
That you may always have a cache for your food and food for your cache.
That you may never find a tree that will not give sap nor a field that will not grow grain.
That your bees may not freeze in winter, that the honey may be thick and the comb break like snow in the teeth.
That your heart may always be like the morning, and that you may come slowly to the Four Corners where men say "Good Night!"

AN ESSAY ON "NOO YEAR'S"

Little Eddie Gives His Reasons for the Annual Holiday and Its Celebrations.

Noo Yoor's is the time when a man takes off enuf time to think what a fine feller he mite be if he was only a littin' different. Then he makes a lot of resolutions and stands in front of the mirror to see if there is a halo around his head. The resolutions people make are like the toys you buy in the ten cent store; they don't last long.

Another objekt of Noo Yoor's is to give the wiao sellers and the cellars a chance to celebrate. On Noo Yoor's eve everybody goes downtown, where the lites are brietest, and sit around tabuls to wait for the year to brake in. When the clocke get to the rite place and all the waiters have been paid, the year comes in, and then everybody stands up and hollers or else blows horns. Why people should do this I don't know, unless it is that they don't want the year to think it has slipped in without enny-buddy knowing it. The feeling on the morning after Noo Yoor's is responsible for menny of the resolutions. Pa sez that if enny Noo Yoor's resolution was kept, we wudden't hafter worry about wet and dry eleckshuns, but as the matut stands nobuddy beers about enny bartenders being lade off the first woke in Janyuary.

Last Noo Yoor's pa sez he would make a resolution and keep it if ma would do the same, and that each could suggest the resolution for the other, and ma sez all rite. Then you can resolve, sed pa, not to ask me where I have been when I come home late at nite. I guess that is a good one, isn't it, Eddie, he sed to me. Then ma told him what to resolve, which was this—you resolve not to go out at nites for a year. Pa got pritty sore, you bet, and woad and get a loryer friend to get up an argumnt to prove that he didn't have to live up to the agreement, being as his resolution ottomatically nullified here, or sumthing like that. There was a strained atmosphere in our howse for sum time, and now if there are eny Noo Yoor's resolutions, they are voluntary affairs.

The wurst thing about Noo Yoor's is a boy is that it is the last day of Christmas vakashun, and for a man, that it is the day that the bills come in. I am too young to go to restawrants to welcome in the year, but I am old enuf to know that the best resolutions to make are to resolve not to do things I wudden't do ennyway.

ASSIST THOSE AROUND US

New Year a Good Time to Remember the Needy and Struggling Who Are Close to Home.

All history teaches us that all conditions change and that every war cloud must eventually pass away. It is the fervent hope and prayer of all nations that peace will come with 1916. Meanwhile every individual has his own plans for the new year and they are usually generous and kindly in purpose; a universal spirit that explains the cheery hopes for the new year. True, it has been with many rather a strenuous and exacting time in planning gifts for the Christmas tide out of the surplus of last year, but they will be none the less appreciated, because this year's benefactions possibly represent a greater sacrifice than those of years past. Then, too, there have been heavy claims on American generosity for funds with which to send contributions for the millions of suffering, homeless and destitute people abroad.

But on New Year's day we should look more closely at home, and remember that around us are many that need help and assistance. There are thousands of struggling men and women that need just now something in the way of encouragement and inspiration, to say nothing of a little financial boost here and there.

The New Year has always been a popular holiday with me, because the greeting carries the word "happy," and I wonder if happiness is not, after all, what most of us are seeking. We work for it; we plan for it and ought to be thankful when we find it, and when you say "happy," you must feel happy and look happy.

The word "happy" comes from "hap," and "hap" means chance—good fortune, and implies peace and joyous hours. What a slender thread between "happy" and "hapless," and we feel on this occasion like using Shakespeare's greeting, "All happiness be chance to thee." We just stop and look at the word as it stands out by itself and that is why it seems so appropriate to have a little talk on "happy" when we speak of the New Year. Joe M. Chapple in National Magazine.

A New Year Message

By William S. Jerome

PERHAPS no better motto for the new year can be found than that which Longfellow prefixed to his popular work, "Hyperion." He says he found a tablet in the churchyard of St. Gligen, in the Tyrol; bearing this singular inscription:

"Look not mournfully into the past, it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart."

Here we have a motto and message for the three divisions of time which mark the New Year.

The Past—It is natural to look "mournfully into the past." The look backward recalls so many mistakes and failures that the result is always depressing. What we have accomplished seems small in proportion to what was desired and attempted. This perspective of time enables us to judge more accurately our life than we could at the time. It is not a bad idea at the New Year to "take account of stock," review the past, and seek to learn its lessons.

Yet there may be too much introspection and retrospection. We should not neglect the past or fail to learn from it, and there is a profound philosophy in the apostle's injunction to "forget the things that are behind." Whether they are evil or good, the advice is wise. If the review of an evil past leads us to discouragement and depression, the thought of a good past may lead to self-satisfaction and content, and thus prove an obstacle to further progress. We can make no real advancement if we "drag at each remorse a lengthening chain," even if that chain be of roses, and the remembrance of happy days and good deeds. Cultivate, therefore, a good "forgettery." Do not let the failures and mistakes of the days gone by prove stumbling blocks in the future pathway. Do not let past good deeds prevent yet nobler efforts and grander achievements. Whatever the past, it has gone forever. Neither prayer nor tears can bring it back. Let it go, therefore; unload its memories, that we may better run the race that is still set before us.

The Future.—The "shadowy future," our motto calls it. The word is well chosen, for a veil lies over the days to come, which is not lifted till we reach them. We naturally shrink from the unknown, and not knowing what may be on the morrow, we therefore fear the morrow. But fear is not the same as wise forethought. Because we do not know what the morrow will bring forth we are not to boast ourselves of tomorrow or recklessly waste the days granted us. But fear of the future weakens us for life's struggles, and is unworthy of one who believes that—"God is in his heaven; all's right with the world."

The true attitude toward the future is that of encouragement and faith. The fearless, "manly heart" does not mean rashness or bravado, or insensibility to life's seriousness and meaning. It means the triumph of faith over fear, of courage over cowardice. It expresses exactly the right spirit in which to face the unknown. "Trust no future, however pleasant," fear no future, no matter how dark and mysterious. For the future is made up of just such days as we have already had.

The Present.—This is thine. Therefore it is to be wisely improved. It is literally and really all we have—the present moment—"the inch before the saw." Yesterday, like last year, is gone forever. Tomorrow may never come.

How urgent the call of the New Year, to spend no time in vain regrets or future forebodings, but to give ourselves diligently to the work of the day! At this season we often say, "A new year has dawned." But, really, only one more day has come. We have 1915, but 1916 is not yet here, and when it, too, is gone it will be too late to do anything in it. The recurring

ronco of New Year's day does not really alter the ordinary conditions of life. We are prone to think that, with the new date and new year, things will be in some way different—duty will be easier and less distasteful. One who has wasted the past year is very apt to think that, by some magical influence this new year will bring new, and more favorable conditions. But to think so is to deceive ourselves. Whatever new experiences may come to us, we know very well that the ordinary laws of morals or mathematics will not be changed by the change of date. In 1916, as in the past, two and two will make four; the law of gravity will operate irrevocably and certainly; and "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Now is the time, therefore, says Norman Hapgood, "to pitch in and achieve—now, now! Remember, my friends, the present is the future from which you hoped so much." Unless we "wisely improve the present," we shall find ourselves, at the end of the year, regretting our past, just as today we are mourning over mistakes and resolving to do better in the days to come.

So the modern journalist puts into homelier phrase the teachings of Longfellow's famous motto:

Yesterday is dead; forget it. Tomorrow isn't here; don't worry. Today is here; use it.

And the New England poet adds his word of encouragement and cheer:

Life is a kind of paper white,
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two—and then comes night;

But for a line,
But that sublime!
Not failure, but low aim is crime!—Detroit Free Press.

O BRIGHT NEW YEAR!



O bright New Year! Hast thou in store
Health, happiness, success, complete—
Or sorrow, sadness and defeat,
With petty trials by the score?
Be kindly lenient, we implore,
In blending bitter with the sweet.
O bright New Year!

Grant us a faith to this us pier
Whatever problems we may meet,
And may our hearts be more replete
With sympathy than heretofore.
O bright New Year!
—Caroline Louisa Sumner.

The Old Year's Happiness.

Our past is sufficient assurance of a happy New Year. Writing a New Year's greeting to a friend, a Christian man well on in life said: "When I think about it, it seems to me that all our years are happy. Surely the dark days are few and the whole of each year is full of showers of grace, so full that we ought not to notice what, only seems, but is not, dark." Sometimes it takes steadfast trust and confidence in our Lord to say that; and in many lives never more so than at the close of this war-darkened year. But it is true, even of this year. God is reigning; his steady grace is greater than all that opposes it. May we gratefully remember the happiness that is past, and confidently count upon our Lord for infinitely more to come.

All Aboard!
All aboard for the water wagon.
Climb onto the seats so high. Avoid
the rush, and the midnight crush,
when the old year says "Good-by!"

Questions for the New Year

BY T. J. WIGGINS.

I asked the New Year for some motto sweet,
Some rule of life by which to guide my feet;
I asked and paused—It answered soft and low—
"God's will to know."

"Will knowledge then suffice, New Year?" I cried;
But ere the question into silence died
The answer came—"Nay, this remember, too—
"God's will to do."

Once more I asked—"Is there still more to tell?"
And once again the answer sweetly fell—
"Yea, this one thing, all other things above—
"God's will to love."



Saturday's Sale

AT

POWLE'S MEAT MARKET

FOR CASH ONLY

Small Chucks of Beef	13c
Small Rounds of Beef	13c
Rib Roasts of Beef, prime	15c
Chuck Roasts, none better	15c
Boiling Beef, from	8c to 12 ¹ / ₂ c
Good Corned Beef	8c
Frankfurts Sausage	15c
Layton's Bologna Sausage	15c
Layton's Liver Sausage	15c
Layton's Head Cheese	15c
Pork Sausage, links	12 ¹ / ₂
Home Made Pork Sausage	15c
Good Bacon by the chunk	18c
All these goods will be first class or money back	

To Our Patrons

Once more we take this occasion to thank our customers for the business of the past year, and we wish all a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Goodrich Lumber Co.

C. W. HILL, Manager

SCHWARTZ
FURNITURE
CO.

THE PRACTICAL Economical Gift Store

SCHWARTZ
FURNITURE
CO.

"The Store Ahead"

MAKE GOOD OR WE

Our business structure rests firmly upon the principal of dealing with the public as we would have the public deal with us if our positions were reversed. In our store, in our SERVICE, in our MERCHANDISE and in our PRICES we always have this cardinal point before us, namely; that if we would win trade—and keep—it we must do as we would be done by. The PRINCIPLE of SQUARE DEALING has never been "Lost in the Shuffle" here.

**For Father
and Brother**

The Mission of these pieces is—to make your gift SUPERB. Oversized leather rocker, reclining back morris chair, smoking stand reading lamp, clocks, combination shaving and wash stand, foot-stool, costumer, arm chair, couch.

**For Mother
and Sister**

Make it something that will lend an air of luxury to the room in which it belongs. Shirt-waist boxes (cedar or sreen, brass bed, parlor suite, mirror, serving table, rug, linoleum, rocker, kitchen cabinet.

Every Article Bought Must be Absolutely up to the Standard and
WHAT YOU BUY--WE STAND BY.

Give the Unexpected for Christmas.

Something That Will Always Keep Memory Fresh.

Young Lady!

Furniture that will WEAR for the happy pair.

The usual problem that is annually staring you in the face is quickly, practically and economically solved here. Give something in Furniture this year, HE will appreciate it, too.

You are invited to open an account with us.

Our "Profits-sharing Sale" Affords you the opportunity of making Your Christmas Selections at a

25% Discount

SEE Window DISPLAY



"The Store Ahead"

Young man! you get the Girl, We'll furnish the home.

It is upon you that all eyes are turned at this time of gladness.

How pleased SHE'D be with one of THESE gifts. When you give something in fine furniture you have made a gift supreme, for around it clings the sentiment of the day—Thoughtfulness, and if the gift is for HER then it is certain of a warm reception—so different—so unexpected. A writing desk, a dainty bouvier table, a handsome footstool, chiffonier, magazine rack, tea table, KIMBALL piano, PREMIER music box, leather sofa pillow, piano stool or bench, music cabinet, dressing-table chair would be acceptable—decidedly so. Also a score or more of other very suitable gifts. "Get in right" by getting the RIGHT thing.

You, no doubt will be required to buy many gifts this Christmas and you will want your Xmas allowance to go far. This will necessitate close figuring and possibly much looking around before you decide to buy. Now, above all, buy at home. It helps us all, yourself included. The place where you can buy the most appropriate, practical and economical gift is at the SCHWARTZ FURNITURE CO., where there is gathered together a collection of the desired novelties and HOME FURNISHINGS that would make appreciated gifts in any home.

BLACK JAKIE'S CHRISTMAS

Charles Arthur Leslie

THE soft, fleecy snow, floating down straight from the heavens, melted as quickly as it struck the sidewalks and turned into mud under the hurrying feet of the thousands of late Christmas shoppers.

Black Jakie stood in the shelter afforded by the elevated road pillar, his three bare raincoat-drawn tightly about him, his hands thrust deeply into his pockets, as he gently tapped first one foot and then the other on the wet pavement. Not that Jakie was cold, but his shoes had worn quite thin, and the dirty, brown slush had sought out all the little cracks through which it might seep and find a comfortable haven.

"S' going to be a lean Christmas for me," Jakie sighed reflectively to the gleaming lights of Broadway. "Awful lean."

In his pocket he jingled his one lone quarter against the key of his cheap Sixth Avenue room and smiled as he thought of the days when he had jingled gold coins. In those days the racing game had been good, and Jakie was one of the best-known bookies at Sheephead. Then he had been affluent. He had dressed in the height of ultra-fashion and radiated with that money look.

The dying out of the racing, sport too frequent trips to the bar had Jakie stranded, without a friend in the world.

Gently and moodily Jakie reflected his hard lot. His chin, with its growth of heavy black beard, came heavy beard which had al-



Yes, It Must Be She.

ways shone through his pallid skin and had earned for him his cognomen of Black Jakie, trembled a little, and the thin, blue lips pulsated with low-muttered maledictions heaped upon the world in general. The sporting element soon forgets old pals down on their luck, he reflected.

Nervously scanning the faces of shoppers emerging from the doorway of a department store, Jakie's face lighted up as he saw a petite figure laden with many bundles start across the sidewalk. Marie Lecourt! Yes, it must be she. Marie, the prettiest girl in the Follies chorus. Should he speak to her? Perhaps she would have at least a kind word for the fellow who had bought her many dinners at swell cafes and had lavished his money on her when he had it. Instinctively he started forward, his hand on his ancient velour hat, the one relic of palmy days.

But almost as he started he checked himself. No, it would be better not to speak to Marie, for she, like all the rest of the old crowd, would turn him down, would refuse to speak to a bum.

He stepped back to the shelter of the elevated pillar just as Marie turned to cross the street. Her bright eyes twinkling with good cheer, she came up quite close to Jakie. Suddenly a flash of recognition crossed her countenance and she almost dropped her packages as she rushed forward.

"Jakie!" she cried, "Is it really you? Where have you been? What are you doing here and where are you going?"

Before Jakie could think of an answer to the questions which called for a recital of almost his entire life's history, she went on:

"For goodness' sake, Jakie, you look a sight! What's the idea of all this poor-folksy makeup? Is it a stall or are you really forced to wear them?"

"Forced is right," replied Jakie. "I'm broke. I saw you as you came

out of the store, but I didn't know whether you would want to speak to me or not."

"Silly," laughed Marie. "Want to speak to my old pal? Of course I do. And now that I have seen you, we are going to have a good, old-fashioned chat, but we can't stand here in this wet and talk. I am living with my married sister now and just came downtown for a few things to hang on the kiddies' tree. Come on up, and help us fix the things."

Jakie thanked her, but remonstrated that his attire was scarcely suitable for an evening call. Marie insisted that his clothes made no difference to her and that her sister would surely think the same. Anyway, no matter what her sister might think, Jakie was her friend, and that settled it.

They walked to Fourth Avenue and took the subway to Harlem, Jakie insisting on spending ten cents of his precious quarter for the carfare, although Marie had tried to shove a dime into his hand.

On the way up Jakie told his story, laying the blame on hard luck and the spite officials who had put racing on the bum.

Marie listened with quiet attention, nodding her head here and there and interjecting a question now and then as the ex-bookie seemed about to drift away from his story.

Jakie was introduced to Maude and John, her husband. They were either too busy decorating a tiny Christmas tree on a stand in the corner of the room or else they didn't care, for neither evinced disapproval of Jakie.

He was made to feel at home in the little family circle, and entered with keen enjoyment the work of trimming the tree and arranging the presents for the two children fast asleep in the next room.

The final arrangement completed, Maude and her husband took a last peek at the sleeping kiddies and called Jakie to see them.

As the little group stood in the doorway, Jakie noticed that John put his arm about Maude's waist and that the light in Maude's eyes shone with peculiar brilliancy as she gazed closer. It was a picture of domestic love and felicity and it touched Jakie deeply.

John and Maude having retired for the night, Jakie and Marie were left alone in the parlor.

Seated before the fireplace, where the gas log was throwing forth a cheery heat, Jakie asked Marie about herself.

"She had left the chorus and all her former gay companions and was now employed in a millinery establishment. What's the matter with the show game?" asked Jakie. "Too fast for you?"

"Yes, Jakie. Somehow or other I couldn't let myself drift like the others had, and when I came up here to live with Maude and John and the kids, well, they didn't think it was the best thing for the kids to have their aunt in the chorus. Not that they objected to the chorus part of it, but then there are so many other things that go with it. The gay company, the loose way of living and things of that sort."

"So you cut it out for the sake of the kids?"

"Yes, for the kids and for my own sake. I was becoming tired of the life, and the home life here seemed to touch something in me and make me want to live right. There is nothing in that fast life, Jakie; the right way is the only way. You may prosper for a time on the wrong road, but sooner or later you come to grief."

Yes, she was right. Jakie knew. The wrong way had dragged him down. Drink and loose companions had brought him to his present level.

For a long time he sat and gazed at the fire. When next he spoke there was a tenderness in his voice such as had never been there before.

"Say, Marie," he said, "do you think you could help me get on the right track, the honest road? I want to try. I see how happy you are and what a change it has made in you. I am going to try."

Tenderly she put her hand on his arm. "I am glad that you will try. You know I always liked you, Jakie. Somehow you were different from the rest of the old crowd, for you were always a gentleman in your manner. You would never stand for the real rough stuff."

"That's the kindest thing I have heard for two years," said Jakie slowly, as he patted the small hand that still lay on his arm.

Suddenly he stiffened in his chair as a thought seized him.

"Marie," he asked tenderly, "is there any fellow, right now, that you think a lot of? You know the way I mean."

"No, Jakie, not now," she answered slowly, as she understood why he asked. Then she added, "but there might be if—"

"If he were a right-living, sort of fellow?" broke in Jakie.

"Yes."

The clock on the mantelpiece struck twelve.

"Gee, it's Christmas morning," sighed Jakie.

"Yes, Christmas," breathed Marie softly.

"Could you—do you think, will you wait until—well, until I can get on the right track?"

She nodded her head in silence. Jakie put his arm around her waist and drew her head to his shoulder.

"You do care, Marie?" he whispered. Again she nodded and then turned her lips to his.

"My Christmas present," said Jakie softly, "the best little girl in the world."

"And mine," added Marie, "is the man that is to be."

WHY THE CHIMES RANG

By Raymond M. Alden

HERE was once in a far away country, where few people have ever traveled, a wonderful church. It stood on a high hill in the midst of a great city, and every Sunday, and on sacred days like Christmas, thousands of people climbed the hill to the church.

When you came to the building itself you found stone columns and dark passageways and a grand entrance leading to the main room of the church. This room was so long that one standing at the doorway could scarcely see the other end, where the choir and the minister sat near the marble altar. At the farthest corner was the organ, which was so loud that, when it began to play the people far off could hear it.

The strangest thing about the whole building was the wonderful chime of bells. There stood at one corner of the church a gray stone tower with ivy growing over it as far as one could see. It was so high that it was only in very fair weather that anyone claimed to see the top. Up and up climbed the stones, and since the men who built the church had been dead for many hundreds of years, everyone had forgotten how high the tower was supposed to be.

Now, all the wise people knew that at the top of the tower was a chime of Christmas bells. They had hung there ever since the church was founded and were the most beautiful bells in the world. Some thought it was because a great musician had cast them and arranged them in their place, and others said it was because of the great height of the tower, reaching up to where the air was clear and pure; however this may be, no one who had heard the chimes denied that they were the sweetest in the world. Some



Laid His Crown on the Altar.

described them like angels sounding far up in the sky.

But the fact was that no one had heard them ring for years and years. There was an old man living not far from the church who said that his mother had spoken of hearing them when she was a little girl, and he was as that. They were Christmas chimes, you remember, and were not meant to be played by men or on common occasions.

On Christmas eve all of the people in the city brought their offerings to the church to offer to the Christ child, and when the greatest and best offering was laid on the altar, there would come sounding through the music of the choir the voices of the Christmas chimes far up in the tower. Some said that they were so high angels would set them swinging. But for many long years, as was said before, they had never been heard. The minister said that people had been growing less careful of their gifts for the Christ child, or gave them rather to make a display for their own honor than for love of him, so that no offering was brought good enough to deserve the music of the chimes. Still, every Christmas eve, the rich people of the city crowded to the church, each one trying to give some better gift than anyone else, and the church was filled with the wonderful bells would ring again. But, although the music was sweet and the offerings were plenty, only the roar of the wind could be heard far up in the old stone tower.

Now, a number of miles from the

city, in a little village where nothing could be seen of the great church, save glimpses of the tower when the weather was fine, lived a boy named Pedro, and his little brother. They knew very little about the Christmas chimes, they had heard of the service in the church on Christmas eve and had a secret plan that they had often talked over when by themselves for going to the beautiful celebration.

"Nobody can guess, Little Brother," Pedro would say, "all the fine things there are to see and hear in the church, and I have even heard it said that the Christ child himself sometimes comes down to bless the meeting. What if we could see him?"

The day before Christmas it was bitterly cold and a few lonesome snow flakes were flying in the air and there was a hard white crust on the ground.

Sure enough, Pedro and Little Brother were able to slip quietly away early in the afternoon on their way to the celebration; and although the walking was hard in the frosty air, before nightfall they had trudged so far, hand in hand, that they saw the lights of the big city just ahead of them. Indeed they were about to enter one of the great gates in the wall that surrounded it, when they saw something dark on the snow near the path, and stepped aside to look at it.

It was a poor woman who had fallen just outside of the city, too sick and tired and cold to get in where she might have found shelter. The snow made a soft pillow for her and she would soon be so sound asleep in the winter air that no one could ever awaken her again. All this Pedro saw in a moment, and he knelt down beside her and tried to rouse her. He turned her face toward him, so that he could rub some snow on it, but he soon sighed and said:

"It's no use, Little Brother, you will have to go on alone."

"Alone?" cried Little Brother, "and you will not see the Christmas festival?"

"No," said Pedro, and he could not help a little choking sound of disappointment in his throat. "See this poor woman, she will freeze to death if nobody cares for her. You can bring someone to help her when you come back, and I can keep her alive. You can easily find your way to the church, and you must see and hear everything twice, Little Brother, once for you and once for me. I am sure the Christ child must know how I would love to come and worship him, and, oh, if you get a chance, Little Brother, slip up to the altar without getting in anyone's way, and take this little silver piece of mine and lay it down for my offering when no one is looking. Don't forget the place where you left me, and hurry, now, so you won't be late."

He winked hard to keep back the tears as he heard the crunching footsteps of Little Brother sounding farther and farther away in the darkness.

It was also hard to lose the music and the splendor of the celebration that he had planned so long, to lose the chance of offering his silver piece that he had saved for the offering to the Christ child, and to spend the time instead in the lonesome snow outside the dreary walls. But it never occurred to him to leave the poor woman in the freezing cold.

The great church was truly a wonderful place that night. Every one said that it had never looked so bright and beautiful before. When the organ played and the thousands of people sang the hymns, the walls shook with the sound, and Little Pedro, outside the walls of the city, felt the earth tremble all around him. At last came the procession to bear the offerings to the altar, when great and rich men and women marched up to lay down their gifts to the Christ child. Some brought wonderful jewels, some baskets of gold so heavy that they could scarcely carry them down the aisle. A great writer laid down a book that he had been making for years, and last of all walked the king of the country, hoping to win for himself the chimes of the Christmas bells.

There was a great murmur through the church as the people saw the king take from his head the royal crown, all set with diamonds and other precious stones, and laid it gleaming on the altar as his offering to the Holy child. "Surely," said every one, "we shall hear the bells now, for nothing like this has ever been offered before."

And they all stood still to listen, but only the cold, cold wind was heard in the stone tower; and the people shook their heads, some of them saying, as they had done before, that they really never believed the story of the chimes, anyway.

The procession was over, and the gifts were all on the altar, the choir had begun the closing hymn.

Suddenly the organist stopped playing, and every one looked at the minister, who was standing in his place holding up his hand for silence. Not a sound could be heard from anyone in the church. While all the people came softly but distinctly swinging in the tower, the sound of the bells so clear seemed the music, so much sweeter were the notes than had been heard before, that the people in the church sat for a moment as still as by the shoulders. Then they all stood up together and stared straight at the altar to see what great gift had awakened the long silent bells.

But all that the nearest of them saw was the childish figure of Little Brother, who had crept softly down the aisle when no one was looking and had laid Pedro's little piece of silver on the altar.

HARLAN'S CHRISTMAS EVE

By F. M. Fehrenbacher

ACK HARLAN stood before his desk dressed for the street when a boyish voice broke the silence of the office with "What you got in all them bundles, Mr. Gridley?"

It was the office boy, Jim, talking to Gridley, Harlan's manager. "These bundles? Why, here's a drum; and this is an electric railroad, and here's a game of parchesi. Did you ever play parchesi, Jim? It's a great game, all right. My boy Al gets so excited when he can put one over on me and win a game he can hardly keep from whooping!"

"They're all boys, ain't they?" inquired the office boy.

"Yes, and glad of it, too," answered Gridley. "Here, Jim, is something for your Christmas, and hope you'll have a nice day!"

"Oh, thanks. Good-by, Mr. Gridley. Merry Christmas!" called the boy as the door slammed after the overladen Gridley.

Harlan slid down the top of his desk with a bang and left the office. What a happy little bustling fellow Gridley was; a little shrimp of a man, and yet he always seemed to radiate pleased self-importance and good cheer! Jim caught sight of Harlan as he was going out the front door.

"Merry Christmas, Mr. Harlan," he called. "Thanks for the check and Merry Christmas to you!"

"Merry Christmas, huh! What does Christmas mean to me now, anyway? Christmas is a time for fools and babies," muttered Harlan to himself as he walked to the street car, first telling the waiting chauffeur to drive home without him. And when he got to the car he walked up on Market street; he felt he could not bear the



The News Failed to Interest Him.

inside of a stuffy car. The street at least held a variety of things to divert one's thoughts.

Christmas decorations were on all the buildings; wreaths dangling broad red ribbons hung in most windows and every corner was a jumble of green and red where the flower vendors were selling holly, while "Merry Christmas!" he heard on every side. Great bunches of cherry laurel and eucalyptus boughs made a veritable canopy over the flower vendors' stands, where flashed red and white and yellow carnations, red and green Christmas wreaths and holly.

"Holly here, mister; only 15 cents a bunch, two for two bits. Take a bunch home to your wife," and a flower vendor poked a bunch of holly into Harlan's face.

"No, no!" he cried, brushing the vendor aside, and walked on. At last, unable to stand it longer he jumped home address.

At first he peered from out the taxi, but every window seemed to hold a Christmas wreath and he soon gave up gazing out the window to stare straight before him into the dimness of the cab. When the taxi stopped, he sprang out; paid the fare, and let himself into the house with his latch-key.

A woman in the white apron of a nursemaid was just ascending the hall. She had a child with her but Harlan did not see the child; the nurse was too quick in running up the stairs.

"I'm sick of seeing that woman sink away like a thief every time I enter a room where she's had the child. Why under the sun don't she stay away from this part of the house altogether, like I've ordered her to?" grumbled the man.

He hung his hat and overcoat on the hall rack; and striding into the living room, he flung himself into a large leather armchair and tried to read the evening paper. But the news failed to interest him somehow tonight; and as twilight came on and the room darkened, he found himself staring into the grate fire.

How many things one can imagine in the flame of a grate fire! And, as the man sat there all huddled in the big armchair, all the dear days of the dead past came trooping out of the coals. An office room he saw first, with himself sitting at a desk and a fair-haired girl at a typewriter in the corner. The girl was poorly dressed but the sweetness of her smile captivated the man at the desk. And in the next picture he heard the man asking the girl to become his wife. A hillside flooded with moonlight he beheld next—the picture of an evening from out their honeymoon, with them sitting on that hillside in the shadow of the tall, dark, sweet-smelling pines that loomed up as a background. Here there were no more visions for a time, while the man sat staring dry-eyed into the fire.

The scene of the next picture was laid in the sitting room. She was in a low rocker by the window, sewing on something soft and white. Every once in a while she looked out of the window. Through the window he saw an auto stop in front of the house, and the man who got out and entered the house was himself. She heard his step and sat with her hands loosely crossed on the sewing as he entered the room and stepping behind the rocker, put his two hands over her eyes. Then she drew down his face to hers and kissed him on both cheeks and then on the forehead and eyes and mouth. At this, Harlan buried his head on his arm, while a dry sob shook his throat.

"Oh, Nadine, Nadine, why did you leave me!" he sobbed. He turned from the flaming coals and his eye fell upon a Christmas tree all decked with shining ornaments. It was a real tree. He knew it was there for the child; and was annoyed at the thought of the cause of her death. He lit his pipe, and leaned back for a smoke. But through the blue smoke haze the tree became an airy phantom dream-tree. A ladder leaned up against it and at the top of the ladder, high up, and half hidden by the pungent green boughs, stood a golden-haired woman. And he was standing beneath the tree, steadying the ladder with both hands. She was putting the last touches to the tree.

She held a shining bright tinsel in her hand, and God, what was this she was saying!

"Look, sweetheart, how bright the star is! Ah, dear, next Christmas the baby will be six months old, just old enough to notice things; and I'm sure he will notice this star; now won't he? Don't you think so, dear?"

"Come down, Nadine, come down; I am afraid you will fall," he heard himself cry, and then as she laughingly descended the ladder, he clasped her in his arms before she reached the bottom and kissed her again and again.

"You big story teller," she laughingly reproved him, "you weren't a bit afraid I'd fall; you just wanted to hug me!"

"What if I did? Now what are you going to do about it?" he was demanding—when the girl faded, and that dream picture of himself in other days vanished and nothing was left but the Christmas tree.

Harlan pulled his chair away from the fire and over to the window, and, sinking back into its depths, he watched the glimmer of the windows in the houses across the street and their soft shine on the pavement.

He must have dozed a long time, for when he awoke the arc lights in the street were lit and a bright shaft of light fell across the room, and presently into this shaft of light came stumbling a little white-robed figure. It was a little boy in his nightgown. He walked over to the Christmas tree and toyed playfully with the ornaments dangling from the lower branches.

"Pretty, pretty things," he kept saying over and over in a soft little voice, her, the first thing Jack Harlan's mind reverted to was the dream picture of his wife in the Christmas tree. And this was the child, his child and here, Harlan heard her voice again.

"Next Christmas he will be six months old, just old enough to notice things, and he will notice the star; it is so bright."

Had he noticed it that first lone Christmas when everything was so desolate in that household? Ah, there had been no tree! And the next and six months old, the nurse had asked if she might get a tree and Harlan had said "No." This year she had brought one without asking, and Harlan felt thankful to her and strangely glad.

What was the baby saying to himself?

"I wanted to see the star, the star, but nurse wouldn't let me wait 'cause my papa was comin'. An' now the star's all gone; it's all dark an' gone out an' I don't see it no more—no more."

The child broke into a little huddled heap, sobbing in the shadows at the foot of the tree, and a stray ray of light coming through the hall door fell upon his fair head.

With a stifled cry of remorse and pity Harlan gathered the trembling little form tenderly in his arms and pointed out the finest star at the top of the tree, while the tears of the child mingled with his. And a great peace filled his soul.

LOCAL NEWS AND PERSONALITIES

Barnett is on the sick list.

Mooney was a Chicago visitor.

Johnson was a Waukegan visitor.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stewart

had a daughter.

Seven more shopping days till

Christmas. Are you ready?

Reintner transacted business

at the first of the week.

Grade school will close Thursday

and reopen Monday, Jan. 3.

Wm. Wipper of Merriam Park

is visiting at this place being

here by the death of her uncle,

Westlake.

Mr. J. Olcott and daughter were

attendants at the Westlake funeral

day.

Chaplin in 'His New Profes-

sion' Saturday night at the Antioch

house.

Grinding every Monday and Sat-

urday at the Antioch Steam Laundry.

Brogan of Mohridge, S. D. ar-

d Wednesday evening for a visit

relatives here.

'Stop Thief' a comedy drama in five

acts at the Antioch opera house on

Friday evening, Dec. 17, along

with more.

You are still in doubt about that

sting present consult the 'ads'

issue. The merchants take this

as telling you what they have

and their timely suggestions.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dineen left today

for Chicago where they will

with their daughter till after

Christmas, when they will go to Florida

and the winter with their daughter.

Rein is one of the most common

of head ache and the chief cause

of nervous derangements. There-

fore, it is well to keep the head

cool. Dr. J. Barber, his next date is on

Friday, Dec. 23. Office hours from

10 to 3 p. m.

Post sale, Friday evening,

at the M. E. church. Don't

miss it. It is quite different. The

contents of these parcels is not

to any certain amount. We

from the size and weight of some

we have already received that they

be worth \$5.00 or more. The

ages have not been opened. We

have packages from Sears &

Montgomery Ward, Hein's,

Olson, Mr. F. Welch, Mr. Wan-

Smith of Chicago, H. A. Nagle

Penn. Mrs. J. H. Goodrich

Wis. Mrs. G. D. Roop, Chica-

go Burt, Salt Lake City, Mrs.

Richard, Shell Rock, Ia., Mrs.

Libertyville, Mrs. Emaley, Ra-

vis, Mrs. Ward Little, Mrs. F.

Call, Mrs. Chas. VanPatten,

Owen Runyard, Sullivan,

and many others. Cafeteria

Sandwiches, pickles, pie, cake,

and a free cake, home made can-

given by the Delta Alpha class.

Free Cuts Butter Cost.

When tree beside each man's

tree would cut a big slice of

the monthly feed bill. In

vegetable butter is made from

of this tree, and it is said to

be richer than any butter

from cows' milk—alleged or ac-

cepted from a churn and

into the wooden mold which

yellow rosette on top of the

Arabs used in early times.

Greeks and Romans did with-

out oil, and consequently wore

it togas.

For Thinking About.

man turned over a new leaf

his wife wanted him to be

but little time left in

the price of her bonnets.

No Hurry at All.

He has a muscular atrophy

and is speechless. I can

but it will take time. "Take

you want, doc," responded

man.—Louisville Courier

to Accumulate.

He would lot of silver and

you have. "Yes, it's a

to have a golf player and

and in the same family."

an American.

Have Known That Before.

mon such around lookin'

Uncle Eben, "about

for certain is dat opinions

differ."

Jas. Johnson was in Chicago Friday.

Charlie Chaplin at the opera house

Saturday evening.

Mrs. Ray Prenger was a Chicago

passenger Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Simons were Chica-

go passengers Tuesday.

Miss Lorena Tiffany of Chetck is

visiting Antioch friends.

"Stop Thief" in five parts, at the

Antioch opera house Saturday night.

Sunday at the Crystal, net a man

shall stray and the \$50,000 jewel thief.

Mrs. Grace Sorensen of Chicago at-

tended the funeral of Mr. Westlake on

Monday.

Joe Turner, Sr., and Joe Turner, Jr.

of Grayslake were Antioch visitors

Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Oxtoby of Spring

Grove attended the Westlake funeral

here Monday.

Frank Chinn, Mr. and Mrs. P. E.

Chinn and Mrs. Rosenfeld were in

Waukegan Friday.

With this issue we wish our readers a

Merry Christmas and a very happy and

prosperous New Year.

Mrs. Geo. Kuhaupt and daughter

Viola and Miss Janet Wallace were

Chicago visitors Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Welch of Liberty-

ville were in attendance at the funeral

of Wm. Westlake.

Rev. and Mrs. A. K. Chicago Lawn

spent Monday at this place, coming here

to attend the funeral services of Wm

Westlake.

Ray Prenger and James Hanrahan

returned from their hunting trip on

Sunday last. They report most excel-

lent luck.

Will Horton of Chicago visited Anti-

och relatives the first of the week be-

ing called here by the death of his

grandfather.

There will be a mask ball in the An-

tiotch opera house on Friday evening,

Dec. 17. Music by Hanrahan's or-

chestra. Supper at Lenore's. Tickets

75 cents.

The trial call for the December term

of court is now made public and we

notice that the case of Williams and

Dupre vs. the Village of Antioch is in-

cluded in the list, as is also the Dorf vs

White case.

We understand that Mr. and Mrs.

Max Huber, who have been located at

Denver, Colo., for the past few years

are planning to return to Antioch to re-

sidence. In fact Mrs. Huber and Miss

Nina are already here and Mr. Huber

is expected before spring.

The Lake County Rural Letter Car-

rier's Association held its December

meeting at the Waukegan postoffice.

The officers among whom is R. L. Van-

Patten who was elected as vice presi-

dent, were installed. President Lit-

willer in a lengthy talk outlined the

work for the coming year, and urged

the members to put forth their best

efforts in promoting the Lake County

Good Roads Association.

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our heartfelt

thanks to our friends and neighbors for

their kindness during the illness and

death of our husband and father. And

to all who sent flowers and sympathy.

Mrs. W. S. Westlake.

Mr. and Mrs. Eldora Horton.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Labdon

Mrs. D. Ferris

Those Kindly Neighbors.

Wealth cannot buy brains, youth,

honor, devotion, gratitude, peace, di-

gestion, originality, justice, inspira-

tion, integrity, wisdom and several

other things equally desirable. But,

still, if you have money you will not

mind the loss of the rest as much as

your neighbors hope you do.—Kansas

City Star.

Mother and Daughter.

The old-fashioned woman who used

to fill eight lamps and clean eight

gloves every afternoon now has a

daughter who is too tired to walk

across a room and push a button when

it gets too dark to read.—Cincinnati

Enquirer.

Great Discovery Decried.

Harvey's theory of the circulation

of the blood was considered so ridicu-

lous, at the time of the discovery, that

for ten years not a single patient con-

sulted him.

Denial of Papal Power.

The papal power was established in

492 A. D. by Gelasius, bishop of Rome,

the will of the monarch being made

subordinate to that of the pope.

Beware of Spellbinders.

One trouble in being carried away

on a wave of oratory is that you have

to walk back.—Washington Post.

Walter Chinn was in Lake Geneva

Saturday.

Mrs. Ginter spent over Sunday in

Chicago.

Don't fail to attend the mask ball on

Friday night.

Mrs. Maude Sabine spent Sunday and

Monday in Chicago.

Dr. Beebe and wife were Chicago

passengers Saturday.

Pearl Trierger and Leona Yopp were

Chicago visitors Saturday.

Masks and suits can be had at the hall

Friday night for the mask ball.

Miss Elizabeth Moore entertained her

nephew from Chicago over Sunday.

Mrs. Chase Webb and Mrs. Elmer

Brook were Libertyville visitors Friday.

Herbert G. Haas left Sunday for

Ohio where he will visit his parents and

relatives.

Mrs. C. H. Morrell of Chicago who

has been visiting her son Dr. Morrell

the past week returned home Friday.

Mr. Napp, the pianist from Green

Mills gardens of Chicago visited with

Dr. Morrell Thursday and Friday of

last week.

The business houses were all closed

from noon until 2:30 Monday afternoon

in honor of Mr. Westlake whose funeral

was held at that time.

A. G. Watson and son Leland spent

Tuesday at Templeton, Wis., where

they attended the 52nd wedding anni-

versary of Mr. Watson's parents.

Saturday at the Crystal, Walter

Lackaye the eminent actor in "The

Man of Shame", an elaborate Broad-

way production in five parts, supported

by Rosemary Theby.

Geo. Shaft of Chicago who is canvas-

ing this village for an encyclopedia was

called to Waterloo, Iowa, Wednesday

by a telegram announcing the serious

illness of his mother. He will return to

Antioch as soon as possible.

Word was received here this week of

the death of Frank Adams, which oc-

curred at Pensacola, Fla., on Saturday

Dec. 4. The deceased is a cousin of H.

RURAL NEWS ITEMS

LAKE VILLA

Mrs. H. P. Miller is confined to her home by severe cold.

Arthur Bartlett and wife spent over Sunday in Chicago.

Mrs. Gray and son of Chicago spent Saturday with her sisters here.

John Philippini has started a well on his property here and the basement is being dug for the house.

A number of our men were called to the County seat last week as jurors, but all were excused for various reasons.

Among the Chicago shoppers recently were: Mr. and Mrs. R. Wendland, Mrs. Bert Hooper, Paul Avery and El L. Wald.

Mr. Loomis and family moved to Ingleside shore last week into Dr. Morrill's cottage. They have been occupying a tent up to this time.

Mrs. Max Huber and daughter Miss Nina, arrived from Colorado Monday evening and are visiting her sister Mrs. Roy Murrie and other relatives.

Mrs. Ruth Hussey is very ill at her home here, but is reported to be on the gain. Dr. Foley of Waukegan was called with Dr. Jamieson last week.

Little Jessie Grimshaw 7 months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Grimshaw was operated on at the German-American hospital in Chicago last Friday, but died Saturday. She has never been strong since her birth, but it was hoped that an operation might help.

Mrs. Florence Cook (nee Watson) and little daughter arrived from their western home the first of the week to spend the holidays with her father, Wm. Watson and other relatives and friends. This is her first visit here since her marriage three years ago.

Mrs. D. R. Manzer and Mrs. Albert Kapple entertained a number of little people at the former's home Wednesday afternoon in honor of Miss Marguerite's and Master Edwin's fifth birthdays. Refreshments were served and the little folks had a splendid time.

Mrs. Ruth Van Patten received word from Canada the first of the week, telling of the death of her youngest sister following an operation. She leaves an infant a month old. We extend sympathy to Mrs. Van Patten as this is her second bereavement in a short time, her husband having died less than a month ago.

The Royal Neighbor camp entertained visiting members from Antioch, Grayslake, Waukegan and Libertyville Tuesday and it was a big day for Royal Neighbors. Dinner was served in the Hamlin flat and camp was held in Barnstable hall as usual. Antioch camp drill team did the initiatory work in a very fine manner and taken all together a very pleasant day was spent.

MILLBURN

Leon Strang spent the past week at Urbana.

E. A. Martin transacted business in Chicago Friday.

Theodore Garrett and son have a sale today and will soon move elsewhere.

Miss Foote spent a few days in Chicago and Wheaton, returning Saturday.

There will be Christmas entertainment given by the Sunday school on Christmas eve.

Miss Florence Anderson of Lake Forest spent Sunday with her aunt, Mrs. Stewart.

O. A. Nelson and wife of Leona Lake gave a dinner in honor of their 41st wedding anniversary Wednesday, December 8.

Neighbors and friends to the number of 40 helped Mr. and Mrs. W. J. White celebrate their 39 wedding anniversary Tuesday, Dec. 7.

A play "Rebecca's Tramp" given by Gurnee young ladies, under the auspices of the Ladies Aid society at the church Saturday evening, Dec. 18.

Mortimer J. Cannon, son of E. A. Cannon received the appointment of mail carrier for the R. F. D. route from Wadsworth and will take charge Jan. 1.

Mrs. Erma Strang gave a party at her home Tuesday evening. Mrs. Strang and daughter will leave soon to spend the winter with his brother in Rialto, Cal.

Sawed-Off Sermon.

It might be a good idea for some people to hold their tongues occasionally and give their thoughts a chance to catch up.

Path to Woman's Love.

Of all the paths leading to a woman's love, pity's the straightest.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

WILMOT

Mrs. Gardiner celebrated her 81 birthday Friday.

Fred Schreck was in Kenosha on business Tuesday.

Chas. Bruel of Chicago was home over Sunday.

Mrs. Edith Faulkner was an Antioch visitor Thursday.

Mrs. Carey and daughter Grace were in Chicago Thursday.

Mr. Light of Lake Geneva was here Wednesday tuning pianos.

Ray Kinrade of Burlington spent over Sunday with home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn and Mrs. Lewis autoed to Burlington Friday.

Frank Kruckman has bought the Alfred Reynolds residence.

Miss Lena Rasch of Milwaukee spent the week-end with home folks.

Willbur Lewis of Milwaukee was a Sunday visitor in the Lewis home.

Mrs. Darby was in Chicago Wednesday doing Christmas shopping.

Mrs. Smallfelt attended the bazaar at Silverlake Saturday afternoon.

Lynna Sherman is the owner of a new car purchased in Kenosha recently.

A number from here attended the dance at Silverlake Friday evening.

Mrs. Wright was called to Richmond Friday by the illness of her sister.

Miss Maude Young of Kenosha spent the past week with Mrs. R. C. Shottliff.

Mr. and Mrs. Pacey spent Friday with their daughter, Mrs. Shales at Antioch.

The entertainment and box social was enjoyed by a large crowd Saturday evening.

Ray Carpenter and bride of Jackson, Michigan were guests the first of the week at the Owen home.

Mr. and Mrs. Peterson of Burlington motored to Wilmot Wednesday to see Mrs. Kinrade, who is very poorly.

A grand ball will be given at the M. W. A. hall Friday evening, Dec. 17. Music by Stang's orchestra. A good time is promised everyone.

Jas. Carey and Mr. Bolger were at Richmond Tuesday in the interest of the Carey Electric Light company at which place they are trying to secure a franchise so that the service may be extended to that village.

HICKORY

T. Peterson and wife spent Sunday at Wadsworth.

Mrs. Ed Wells spent the latter part of last week at Millborn.

David Pullen entertained the wood sawers for the past three days.

Alfred Pederson and wife spent last Wednesday and Thursday in Chicago.

Wilson King and family and Mrs. Lee Savage of Antioch autoed to Waukegan Saturday.

On Thursday evening Dec. 23, there will be a Christmas tree and entertainment at the Hickory church. Every one invited.

On Thursday evening a number of neighbors and friends of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Webb, walked in and surprised them. A pleasant evening was spent by all, and for refreshments they had all the oysters they could eat.

Fabulous Bird.

The roc, a fabulous bird often referred to in the "Arabian Nights," was believed to be of such enormous size and strength as to be able to carry seven elephants in its talons.

She Had Them All.

Friend—"Your wife seems to have a remarkable constitution." Meek—"She has; and you should see her by-laws, rules and regulations."—Boston Transcript.

One Field Barred.

Women may supersede men in many fields of humble endeavor, but the field in which a brindle cow is grazing is barred to the female in red.

Matter of Speculation.

Penelope—"Did the play have a happy ending?" Percival—"How should I know?" Penelope—"You saw it, didn't you?" Percival—"Yes, but the hero and the heroine married each other."—Judge.

Daily Thought.

Never to tire, never to grow cold; to be patient, sympathetic, tender; to look for the budding flower and the opening heart; to hope always like God; to love always—this is duty.—Amiel.

RUSSELL

Mrs. Todd Tinker is visiting at Waukegan.

Frank Siver of Kenosha spent Sunday here.

Mrs. Wm. Zander is spending a week in Chicago.

Miss Laura Corris is visiting her sister at Kenosha.

George Kelly spent over Sunday with Matt Christman.

J. D. Murray celebrated his 51st birthday Sunday.

Russell ladies will have their church bazaar Tuesday night.

B. C. Schlosser has a position in Racine which he will take Jan. 1.

Mr. Watson of Geneva, Ill., made a business trip here Saturday.

Rosecrans ladies will hold their annual fair at the M. E. church Thursday evening.

TREVOR

Mrs. Hodge of Richmond was in town Monday.

Miss Patrick was in Chicago Wednesday.

Mrs. Mickle was a Kenosha shopper Tuesday.

Mrs. McFarrow was a Kenosha shopper Tuesday.

Hiram Patrick of Randall was at his brothers on Wednesday.

Mrs. Frank Yaw of Camp Lake spent Friday with Mrs. Yepp.

Mr. and Mrs. Ajatenberg spent one day last week in Kenosha.

Mrs. Yopp and daughter Gretchen were in Kenosha Saturday.

Miss Hazel Dixon of Silverlake spent Sunday with Helen Brown.

Oliver Eberts of Montana arrived Thursday with a carload of sheep.

Mr. Marrio of Kenosha addressed the Parents School club Friday afternoon.

Miss Scott and Miss Taylor attended teachers meeting in Kenosha Tuesday.

Keeps Two Kinds of Time.

A new French three-handed watch tells both 12-hour and 24-hour time, one hour hand being used for each kind on separate dials, while a single minute hand does for both.

Men only laugh at the freak fashion maid.

Preparedness will see that the coal bin is well filled.

Red tape makes a poor bandage for a wounded soldier.

Always one may be sure the hole in the doughnut is genuine.

There are three kinds of experience—bitter, sweet and bitter-sweet.

A gossip doesn't let it be said that "the half has never yet been told."

Because every man is fallible is no reason why anybody should be careless.

Under modern methods most of the famous war scoops are made with a shovel.

When drinking interferes with a man's work it is poor policy to give up work.

The man with the black eye is not out looking for trouble. He is on his way back.

Who wouldn't just as soon pay a little inheritance tax in order to get the inheritance?

Our idea of reform in Russia after the fracas ends is to introduce simplified spelling.

When a woman cries at a wedding she may be thinking of the time she was a blushing bride.

The nations that have not yet declared war on somebody are setting to be very lonesome.

Some African savages have as many as sixty wives. However they were savages before marriage.

It isn't what you think that gets you into trouble, but the way in which you express your thoughts.

When a wife really enjoys going about the house "ridding up" after an untidy husband—that is love.

Most of the soothing philosophy is written for the poor. Only a crumb here and there for the rich.

The artist who paints a modern general in the hour of his victory will have to paint him at the telephone.

The writer who abstains from that well-worn phrase, "the welter of war," deserves our highest consideration.

The back-to-the-soil movement has been made permanently effective with thousands of unfortunates on both sides of the war.

Honolulu listened in while Paris talked to Arlington by wireless. The wireless phone will never become popular with the ladies.

Drugs are going up in price so rapidly that many people may be benefited by having to fight ailments with fresh air and sunshine.

What's become of the old-fashioned man who used to say he wasn't afraid of work—that he could lie right down beside it and go to sleep?

Any man whose finances have prevented him from finding out whether he's a hero to his valet may settle the question by asking his wife.

A Harvard professor advocates that girls be trained to carry weapons. If they do, it will be just one more thing for them to leave on the street cars.

Mexico is to substitute the American game of baseball for bullfighting. Here is one gratifying proof that the republic is honestly trying to become civilized.

The theatrical manager reported to be looking for the homeliest woman on earth is doubtless prepared to pay her at least \$10,000 a week for owning up to it.

To be "chained to a desk by the necessity for earning bread" has one advantage during the hunting season. No raving armed idiot mistakes you for a deer.

Perhaps that world's rain cycle, which Abbe Moiraux of the Bourges observatory, says began in 1902 and ended this fall, was what caused our awful drought in 1914.

Luther Burbank hasn't attracted much attention since the war started. If he knew how to graft an armor plating on an automobile factory, he would be the man of the hour.

A San Francisco woman is reported to have committed suicide out of grief and shame over her husband's atrocious play in a card game; but before passing judgment on her act it will be necessary to await definite details as to what his play was.

Worth the Risk.
"One idea in 100 carries deadly germs," says a bacteriologist. "Huh! About twenty-five in 100 carry the risk of sun lighting, but who's afraid?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Line Drawn There.

Joy Rider (stopped by rural constable)—"Haven't we got any rights left in this country? Doesn't the constitution guarantee a life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness?" Constable—"It don't guarantee no man the pursuit of happiness at 90 miles an hour."—Judge.

Remembered For Sufferings.

One day little Flora was taken to have an aching tooth removed. That night, while she was saying her prayers, her mother was surprised to hear her say: "And forgive us our debts as we forgive our dentists."—Everybody's.

Birds Build Bowers.

Australian bower birds construct galleries under hanging branches, which they adorn with highly-colored feathers, eggs, shells, bones, etc. These bowers are used for mating in the breeding season.

Sense of Small Powerful.

It has been estimated that the sense of smell in a human being can detect the three-hundred-millionth part of a grain of musk.

Character Told by the Hands.

According to palmists, short hand denote impulsive judgment without analysis; while long hands denote capacity for detail.

Daily Thought.

God intends no man to live in the world without working; but he intends every man to be happy in his work. Ruskin.

Source of Immense Fish Supply.
Lake Erie produces more fish to the square mile than any other body of water in the world.

An Easy Job.

Nobody loves a fat man, but angels that count the hairs of a head must adore the bald-headed one.

Daily Thought.

We all of us exercise unconscious ministries. When we never do we are affecting anybody who are toiling and earning others all the time. G. H. Morrison, D. D.

Football Colors.

The only colors that always win football are the black and blue. New York Sun.

Some Men's Greatness.

The superiority of some men merely local; they are great because their associates are little.

No High Prices Will be Found at This Store

It is the general opinion of everybody that all Christmas goods would be higher this year, this is not true with us, as we purchased our stock late. Only a few weeks ago it looked as though it would be impossible to get a sufficient supply of toys at any price to-day it is possible through one of the largest importers of toys and Holiday goods in the United States to not only get a sufficient supply but to get them as cheap or cheaper as these articles ever sell. Come to us for **ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.**

GROCERIES

7 Bars Galvanic Soap.....	25c
6 Bars Ivory Soap.....	25c
Large size Johnson Washing Powder.....	15c
Cold blast lantern globes.....	5c
No. 2 lamp chimney.....	7c
Cream of Wheat.....	13c
Grape Nuts.....	11c
Ground Pepper, per pound.....	20c
Argo starch.....	4c
Kingsford corn starch.....	7c
Sapolio.....	7c
Bon Ami.....	7c
Salt pork, lb.....	10c
Brick cheese, lb.....	19c
2 pounds of lard.....	25c
5 gallons of kerosene oil.....	35c
Lion Brand evaporated milk.....	5c
2 packages Yeast Foam.....	5c
Large size Kellogg's Corn Flakes.....	10c
Jello.....	7c
Lemons, doz.....	14c
Shinola shoe polish.....	6c
4 cans of Banner Lye.....	25c
8 pounds Rolled Oats.....	25c
Virginia sweet pancake flour.....	8c

7 pound Sal Soda.....	10c
Arm & Hammer soda.....	5c
10 pound Buckwheat flour.....	30c
17 pounds of granulated sugar.....	1.00
12 boxes searchlight matches.....	35c
Sniders catsup.....	10c
Creamery butter, lb.....	38c
3 cans choice Peas.....	26c
16c Armour pork and beans.....	10c
4 doz clothes pins.....	3c
Campbells soup.....	8c
Armours soups.....	8c
2 lbs xxxx powdered sugar.....	15c
Richlieu seeded raisins, lb.....	08c
24 lb sack flour.....	77c
Fancy American cheese, lb.....	18c
2 lbs Fancy new dates.....	18c
Cooking apples, peck.....	25c
Cranberries, quart.....	06c
Ginger snaps, lb.....	07c
Armour's Star hams, lb.....	17c
2 lbs Sweet Cuba tobacco.....	75c
6 boxes snuff.....	25c
Imported raisins, lb.....	15c
10 bars Fel's Naptha soap.....	40c
9 bars Lenox soap.....	25c

FRUITS, NUTS, CANDIES

Oranges, per dozen.....	5c
Fancy English Walnuts, lb.....	5c
Mixed nuts, lb.....	7c
Salted peanuts, lb.....	5c
Chums, pkg.....	5c
2 packages Cracker Jack.....	5c
Broken mixed candy.....	5c
Peanut Brittle.....	5c
Chocolate cream drops, lb.....	5c
Peppermint lozengers, lb.....	5c
Assorted fudges, lb.....	5c
Assorted fruit tablets, lb.....	5c
Spanish peanut squares, lb.....	5c
Barnums Animals, pkg.....	5c

DRY GOODS

Apron Check Gingham, yard.....	5c
All standard prints, yard.....	5c
10c quality outing flannel, yard.....	7c
Child's outing flannel skirts.....	27c
6 spools Coats Thread.....	25c
2 packages envelopes.....	5c
Memmens Talcum powder.....	15c
Cologates Talcum powder.....	15c
50c Men's work shirts.....	40c
Rockford sock, pair.....	5c

F. D. Battershall's
Dept. Store. Grayslake, Ill.

Popular Works of Fiction

Splendidly bound in cloth, many attractively illustrated. Scores of subjects, including:

V.V.'s Eyes, The Winning of Barbara Worth, The Amateur Gentleman, A Son of the Hills, Plans of the Green Van, Holbe General Manager, The Iron Trail, Froelich, The Prospect, The Man From Broadway, Pidgeon Island, The Classroom, Corral Canyon, The Last World, Shepherd of the Hills, Quercy.

50c

RUBIN'S

Successors to G.R. Lyon & Sons

The Christmas Store Supreme

Make Rubin's Your Christmas

The Store of Large Stocks--Good Service

High Qualities and Moderate Prices

This Christmas store has many advantages to offer the Holiday shopper:

It is filled from one end to the other with beautiful stocks of practical gift merchandise--articles that will merit the fullest measure of appreciation, because of their attractiveness, usefulness and intrinsic worth.

From our large well assorted stocks, one can choose quickly and easily, for our gift lines have been carefully and conveniently arranged, and displayed for the purpose of offering helpful suggestions.

Numerous and courteous salespeople, form one of the important features of this store's superior service.

Do your Christmas shopping now, and make Rubin's your headquarters.

Women's Handkerchiefs

3 Neatly Boxed 75c

Dainty pure linen handkerchiefs; hand embroidered corners and initialed; neatly hemstitched; special box of 3 for 75c.

Crepe de chine Handkerchiefs
Soft, dainty handkerchiefs of crepe de chine, white with colored embroidered corners; others with colored Armenian edges; 25c and 50c.

Lunch Cloths at \$1.98

Beautiful damask lunch cloths in round or square; hemstitched or scalloped; choice patterns; specially priced \$1.98

Fine Maderia Lunch Sets

Center piece with 6 plate doilies and 6 tumbler doilies; hand maderia embroidered; scalloped edge; fine pure linen; a splendid gift \$6.50.

Hosts of Th



Old Santa S

Drums, 25c to \$3.00.
Pianos, 25c to \$5.00.
Horses, 25c to \$10.00.
Pool Tables, \$1.50 to \$10.00.
Go-Carts, 50c to \$10.00.
Sleds, 50c to \$1.00.
Shooflys, 50c to \$5.00.
Trains, \$1.00 to \$5.00.
Iron Toys, 10c to \$2.50.
Friction Toys, 50c to \$2.00.
Balls, 5c to \$1.00.
Dolls, 5c to \$15.00.
Rockers 25c to \$2.50.
Bed; 50c to \$3.50.

Hosiery--the Practical Gift



Silk Hose at 75c

Pure silk Phoenix hose for women; lisle top, and reinforced foot; perfect fitting; and come in black, white and colors; pair 75c.

Silk Hose at \$1.00

Beautiful pure silk hose, perfectly fashioned; all the desired shades; pair \$1.00

Extra Quality Silk Hose at \$1.50

Made from the finest of silk yarns; fashioned beautifully to the foot; pair \$1.50

Gloves are Always Welcome

Silk Lined Mochas

\$1.50

An exceptional Christmas offer of silk lined mocha gloves, made of select skins in black, brown and grey, also French kid gloves in all the popular shades, pair 1.50

Kid Gloves at 1.00

Women's one or two clasp kid gloves of extra fine quality, blk and a complete color range, pair 1.00



Children's Mittens 59c

Boys and girls heavy kid mittens with warm lining, trimmed with fur, exceptional values 59c

Beautiful Silk Blouses \$3.98



A gift of one of these handsome blouses would certainly win her appreciation. There are:

Blouses of Crepe de Chine
Blouses of Georgette Crepe
Blouses of Combination Silks

Prettily designed and winningly trimmed; white, flesh and combination colors; 3.98

Crepe de Chine Blouses 1.98

Lovely new models of beautiful quality; a black, moire ribbon at neck adds a pleasing contrast; values without equal 1.98

Sweaters 2.98

Women's sweaters of all wool yarns, Byron collar, two pockets, all colors, special 2.98

Bath Robes, at 2.95

Attractive Beacon Bath Robes for milady, silk bound and fancy cord, plain or floral, 2.95

Rich Furs--Unusual Values

One need never hesitate in buying furs--they are the gift that wins everlasting friendship. We are prepared to offer some remarkable values in sets and separate muffs

Red Fox Sets, \$32.50

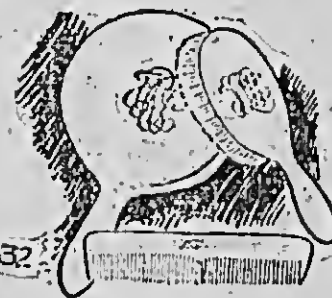
Black Fox Set, \$45

Imitation White Fox Sets, \$14.75

Black Coney Muffs, \$7.95

Imitation Lynx Muffs, at \$7.95

Useful Gifts of White French Ivory



White Ivory is even more popular than ever. Many practical gift articles are included in our selection which is extremely large and varied

Trays, 25c to 1.50

Nail Buffers, 25c to 1.25

Hat Brushes, 65c to 1.50

Manicure sets, 25c to 2.50

Toilet sets, 1.50 to 25c

Mirrors, 25c to 3.50

Brushes, 1.00 to 5.00

Frames, 25c to 50c

Clocks, 1.00 to 3.00

Powder boxes, 25c to 1.50

Hair Receivers, 25c to 1.25

Combs, 25c to 1.00

Suggestions for the Baby

Many dainty articles for the little tots' Christmas will be found in our Infants' Department on the second floor. The following suggestions may be found valuable:

Celoidin novelties 25c to 1.00
Baby satin books, 50c to 1.00
Knitted saucers, 50c to 1.98
Sweaters, 98c to 2.98
Infants' fur sets, 2.95
Infants' booties, 25c to 1.00
Infants' ribbons, 25c to 1.00

Afghan robes, 2.00
Bacon robes, 2.00
Bath robes, 2.00
Bonnets, 1.00
White coats, 2.00

Goods purchased now will be aside for free

These are for Christmas that you can make of readily available values; all sizes, 3.98

Neck

A large in-hand time ing ends; 7.98

N

A charming women, e ty, perfect in cidedly mo Designed and patent cut; medium h

Wome

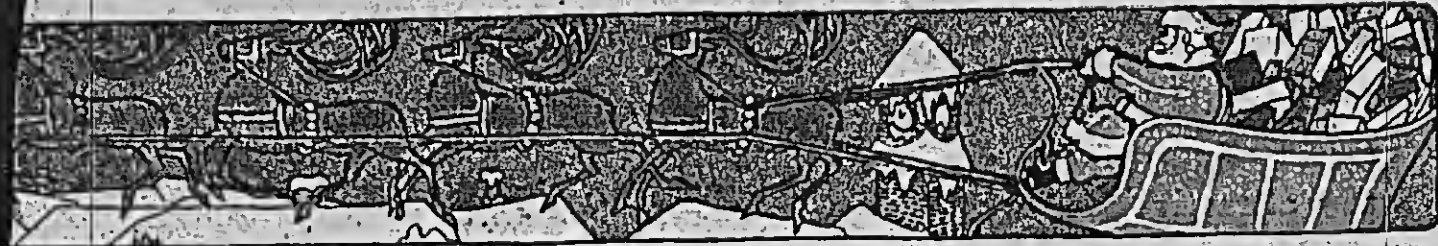
Several inc boots; fashion values; 2.85

W

Beautiful soft and com sizes; 4.00.

Women's

Waria 1.98



Sensational Christmas Sale

50c, \$1
very popular
sizes in the
quality mir-
50c.

Ivory Trays, 25c, 50c, \$1
Ivory trays of all grades and sev-
eral sizes from the small pin tray
to the large manicuring trays. Of
an extra quality Paresian ivory.



Xmas Sale of Ready-to-Wear and a at Stock of Practical Gifts

g center for all Lake County-Note-The Big Sale Started This Week

Old Santa Claus Says. Go to Heins for Shoes, Coats, Dresses, Etc., For Girls and Boys.

\$5.
as we
ed in a
nowroom
newest
season
me new
new blues
all around
gh collars.

For the very simple reason that at Heins you'll find the lar-
gest stocks and at the most reasonable prices. Just now we
offer many special values.
\$1 Children's Dresses at 33c. \$2 Dresses, very Special. 79c.
Fine Serge and Corduroy Dresses, Special \$1.98
Pretty serge and corduroy dresses worth \$3, nicely made and
trimmed in splendid colorings. Sizes to 14; very special,
\$1.98.

200 Children's \$5 Coats at \$2.48

Boys' and girls' coats, sizes to 14; chinchillas, mixtures and
corduroys.

Children's \$6.50 Coats, Special 3.98

Coats of corduroys, zibelias, plain fabrics; high collars and
belts; all colors.

Other Coats Special From \$5 to \$15.

These velvets, plushes, etc., fur trimmed; are reduced from
\$5 to \$5 on a coat.

Dolls! Dolls! Dolls!

In Our New Department

This is another new department with us but, as in other lines,
we are always foremost. We show the newest dolls at the
most reasonable prices.

Character Dolls 25 to 50c

Here are boy and girl dolls of every description in all kinds
of attire. Let the little ones see them.

Talking Dolls Special \$1.

The greatest sensation in Doll-dom—the talking doll. Says
mammy plain and distinctly. Special, \$1.

Great Xmas Sale of

's \$3.00 Shoes at \$2.39

and gunmetal cloth tops; all sizes; extra

1.19—Women's wine colored fur trimmed

al handkerchiefs in newest styles. 29c.

1.79—Growing girls' heavy shoes; 2 1/2 to 5 1/2

metal shoes in sizes 1 to 6 1/2

A m

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Pair gar-
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Belgium \$22.50

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\$1.00 Waists, Very Specially Priced, at 49c. \$2 values, special at \$1.00

These pretty waists in Xmas boxes will please most any woman. There are plenty of plain
whites and colors.

\$5 Silk waists Very Special at 2.98

Silk waists in plain and striped effects and dozens of new styles in lace and silk combin-
ation of the cleverest designing. Have the new collar and cuff effects.

Other Waists at 3.98, 4.98 6.75 up to 10.00

You'll wonder how it is possible for us to give such handsome waists at these prices. There
are for you moon trimmed silk and lace waists with gold thread ornaments. All sizes.

Women's 8.00 Sweaters \$4.99
Hand knitted sweaters, best colors
and styles.
Child's \$1.75 values 98c.
Children's good, warm sweaters
in all sizes.

Corsets

ly Priced at
5 up to 10

Corset fitted free by
expert corsetiere and have it
fit—any particular style or
ect you may want will be found
g the following world-famed
nds:

Ja. Pheil, LiVida, LaVictor;
anner, Nemo, Thompson, W.B.,
and Henderson—any one is a fea-
ture corset, easy and comfortable
to wear.

A Christmas Sale of Fine Silk and Wool Dresses at Big Reduction

You will look long and far before you find a stock of dress-
es that can compare with these in any way.

Wool Dresses--

Values to \$5.00 at.....	\$3.95
Values to \$7.50 at.....	\$5.00
Values to \$12.50 at.....	\$7.50
Values to \$15.00 at.....	\$10.00
Values to \$20.00 at.....	\$15.00

These handsome dresses are new and very cleverly styled
of serges, or combinations of serges and plaids, serge and
silk, serge and velvet and other up-to-date materials in new
colors and the very latest styles.

Silk and Velvet Dresses

10.00 values.... 7.50	14.50 values.... 10.00
25.00 values.... 18.50	7.50 values.... 5.00
19.75 values.... 5.00	30.00 values.... 22.50

In reading the price quotations bear in mind that our's is
the most complete stock of silk dresses in Lake County.
Here are silks of all kinds and colors—any fabric or style
that is new and dresses for any occasion. At \$18.50 to \$25.
are some of the finest gowns we ever had.

Umbrellas, 75c, \$1, 1.50, - \$10

Make Very Fine Christmas Gifts.

Here is a brand-new stock of beautiful umbrellas in the most
wanted styles and finishes and the prices are much lower
than regular. New, reinforced frames.

Many have handsome silver and gold handles

Women's Fine New Neckwear

Special 25c, 50c, 75c, and 1.00

Give "her" some neckwear for Xmas—plenty of it here, in
countless new styles and ideas. There are the plain neat
collars and the soft, frilly things so much in demand just
now.

Then we have a great variety of soft, fluffy boas and white
Alaskan fox neck pieces, specially priced at 95c to 2.95. In
white or black and white.

Gifts any Woman or girl will ap-
preciate

Fine Toilet Prepar- ations

This is a new department and we
carry only such high grade brands
as Burnam's and Lotus.

Perfume in Fancy Boxes,
25c, 50c and \$1

Our perfumes and toilet prepar-
ations will make excellent Xmas
gifts for they are useful as well
as reasonable in price.

\$1 Leather Bags 49c

\$2 Leather Bags 98c

These bags are of excellent
quality leather and come in the
newest shapes and are lined with
sateen, silk and leather and very
specially priced.



THE ANTIOCH NEWS

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1915.



rors, 25c
rashes, 1.00 to
Frames, 25c to
Clocks, 1.00 to 3.00
Powder boxes, 25c
1.50
Hair Receivers, 2
1.25
to 25c Combs, 25c to 1.00

Gifts for the Baby

for the little tots' Christmas will
Department on the second floor
may be found valuable

African
Hoccom
S. G. G.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

The glorious Christmas Day is fast approaching and, of course, you planning on some novel and pleasing gifts for your dear ones. Come to Hillebrand's store it is easy to solve your Christmas shopping problems. Here you will find everything that most critical can desire. Here you can purchase practical gifts, luxurious gifts and novets of all kinds. If you make your selections here you can not fail to please.

If you are purchasing for the men folks we can offer you:

HOSE

Pure silk, spliced heel, 50c values for
Wilson Bros. chain knit silk, 25c value for

35c

15c

TIES

Beautiful ties in Xmas boxes for
Some very good ties for
A broken line of ties for

50c

25c

15c

Mackinaw Coats

A good line to choose from. Variety of colors and styles, in prices ranging from 3.00 up to

7.50

MITTENS

A large variety of warm mittens, any style and any size. They are priced from 10c up to
That's some dandy good sheep

75c

4.00

Ties

10c

Military Sets

A silver-back military set for
We also have military sets as low as

3.00

75c

Shirts

Fancy stripe silk shirts for
Also a full line of cheaper garments

3.00

Sweaters

Good warm wool sweaters, all colors, all styles, all sizes, all prices

Why look elsewhere to purchase for the ladies when we have

Petticoats

Silk petticoats, in all colors, neatly packed in Xmas boxes

2.75

Nightdresses

Handsome embroidery trimmed night dresses in holly boxes

2.00

Collars

White embroidery collars 25c and

50c

Dainty striped collar and cuff set
Quicker collar and cuff set
Collar and vest combined

50c

25c

50c

Gloves and Mittens

For top kid mittens
Kid gloves, per pair

50c

1.00

Waists

Pretty crepe de chine waists white at
Pretty crepe de chine waists, salmon, at
Pretty crepe de chine waists, flesh color, at
White net party waists at

2.75

4.00

2.75

4.00

A glance about our store will reveal the very thing for the children

Dolls

Spearmint kids, with wiggly eyes, for
27 inch jointed, kid body doll, with real hair
Eighteen inch, same quality
Very pretty dressed dolls, all sizes

50c

3.50

1.00

50c

Dishes

Whipped cream set
Berry set
Aluminum coffee percolator
Brown Betty tea pots
Syrup cups
Chocolate pots
Salad bowls

90

65

2.00

65

65

25

50

Toys

Tablet bear
Games, 25c to
Kitchen sets
Toy tinkers sets
Toy tea sets
Cane targets
Esquimaux sets

75c

60c

1.00

45c

1.50

1.00

1.00

Table Linen

Round table cloths, scalloped edges, packed in pretty Xmas boxes, ranging in price from 1.50 to
Linen napkins, per doz, from 4.00 to
Table linen, per yard, from 25c up to

6.00

5.00

1.50

Mittens and Gloves

Good warm mittens for play, as well as pretty fur-top kid mittens for nice wear

Mackinaws, Sweaters

A good variety of mackinaw coats and nice warm sweaters. A large variety to select from. We can fit you out in any style, at any price and you can exchange it if it does not fit.

A miscellaneous list which will give you many timely suggestions

crwebbing suspenders and garters
handsome holiday boxes for 50c
in neat boxes 25c
s for 1.00
p and scarf sets for 1.00
and scarf sets for 2.50
ol stocking caps for the little ones 25c
tle silk ties from 25 to 50c
A large variety of fancy combs at all prices
Hangs from 1.50 to 4.00
Boo for the boys and books for the girls

Silk poplin dresses in ne, green, lavender and black, 5.00
A black velvet dress, lk trimmed, for 8.75
Flannelette kimonas om 1.00 to 1.75
Crepe kimonas 2.00 and up
Bath robes at 3.75
Childrens dresses, all kinds and all prices
Wool dress skirts 2.00, 3.00 and 5.00
Coats for women, misses and children at bargain prices

A full line of Christmas candies, nuts and fruits

FREE TICKETS, to the Antioch Theater to Chidren Under 13 yrs, for Xmas Night Show

WM. HILLEBRAND

Antioch's Big Store